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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—DECORATION AT THE SOUTHWEST ENTRANCE OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.
DRAWN BY NICHOLS AND LOEB.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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PRESIDENT HARRISON'S LAST MESSAGE.

TO take a defeat with dignity and grace requires a degree of equanimity and elevation of character which will be missed with regret in President HARRISON'S last elaborate address to the Congress and the people of the United States. The first part of it reads like a belated campaign document, composed by a not over-scrupulous partisan. With a magnificent array of figures Mr. HARRISON attempts to set forth the blessings bestowed upon the country by the policy of high protection, coolly assuming that all the progress made during the last thirty years in the increase of the national wealth, in the development of manufactures, in the expansion of railroad mileage, in the accumulation of savings-banks deposits, in the growth of our foreign and coastwise trade, in short, in all the elements of our prosperity, has been owing to that policy. And in order to make his demonstration he draws upon statistical sources which have long been discredited as untrustworthy, gravely quoting not only Mr. PORTER, the chief of the census, but descending even to the lamentable PECK, whose statistical achievements played so grotesque a part during the Presidential campaign, and who now has received what is probably his last tribute as a scientific authority in being solemnly cited by the President of the republic in a state paper. As an attempt to influence public opinion at this late hour concerning the issues of the recent Presidential campaign, or as a lecture read to the American people on the foolishness of their conduct in discarding the protective policy and in dispensing with Mr. HARRISON'S services, this disquisition seems to have been somewhat out of place. But Mr. HARRISON reveals its real purpose in the closing paragraph of the message, in which he says that "this brief exhibit of the growth and prosperity of the country will give us a level from which to note the increase or decadence that new legislative policies may bring to us." In other words, this message is at some future day, if the revenue-tariff policy should not work well, to be used as a reference to enable Mr. HARRISON to say, "I told you so." There is a flavor of tricky smallness in this hardly fitting the dignity of the office or of the occasion.

The rest of the message consists mostly of the usual perfunctory recitals. The financial condition of the government is presented in a manner inspiring little confidence. The estimates are confessedly uncertain; and the statements made by the President, based upon the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, concerning what the government has in money and what it owes in current indebtedness, are by no means calculated to reassure the public mind as to whether the National Treasury is actually in a state of deficit or not. A resolution has been offered in the House of Representatives intended to call forth information showing the real condition of the Treasury. But if there is reason to think that the department has heretofore purposely withheld such information, then there is also reason to think that it will not furnish the information now in a sufficiently clear and complete form. It is suspected that the Republicans in power seek to avoid the open appearance of a deficit until the Democrats come in, so that these may have the annoyance and odium of it. Whether this be so or not, the new Secretary of the Treasury who will take office after the 4th of March will owe it to himself, as well as to the country, without any delay, to give the American people the clearest possible insight into the actual state of the national finances which the Republican administration left behind it, and which the new Democratic administration has to assume.

The President repeats the well-worn arguments in favor of a revival of our merchant marine by the granting of government subsidies, and he does this with a looseness of assertion truly astonishing. He dates the decline of our merchant marine from the ravages committed by the rebel cruisers during the civil war, while everybody knows that the introduction of iron steamships in the place of wooden vessels was the cause and the beginning of it. He says that "if we could enter into conference with other competitors, and all would agree to withhold government aid, we could perhaps take our chances with the rest," while everybody knows that some of the most prosperous steamship lines plying between New York and European ports never received the slightest government aid in any shape, and that just these would remain our most formidable competitors if we built up a merchant fleet with government subsidies. For the lines which from the beginning had to depend upon themselves have gone through the best school of economy and of sagacious business management.

As to the reform of the civil service, the President recommends that the increased appropriation for needed clerical assistance asked for by the Civil Service Commission should be granted. He also would like further to extend the scope of the civil service rules, but has not yet been able to make up his mind. He is sure that "if any legislation is possible by which the selection of Indian agents can be wholly removed from all partisan suggestions and considerations, it would be a great relief to the Executive and a great benefit to the service." No doubt it would. But the President seems to forget that no legislation is necessary to withdraw the appointment of Indian agents, or of any other class of public officers, from partisan influence. The will of the Executive is sufficient. If the President, for the government of his own conduct, lays down the rule that partisan considerations shall have nothing to do with appointments to office, it depends only upon his own courage and firmness whether he will follow that rule. If he does, he will indeed have a fierce struggle with the spoils politicians on his hands, and sometimes find it difficult to have his nominations confirmed by the Senate. But if he nominates persons whose fitness is unquestionable, the public opinion of the country will doubtless stand by him. It would certainly have stood by President HARRISON had he of his own motion excluded partisan interference from the selection and appointment of Indian agents, without waiting for a new law making it his duty to do so.

It must be admitted that a President who has just submitted himself and his administration to the approval of the country, and has received a vote of want of confidence by an overwhelming majority, is in a somewhat disadvantageous position in addressing his countrymen; and it is not surprising that the manner in which Mr. HARRISON has done this should not be calculated to raise his reputation as a statesman. Nor is it probable that what he has said will have much influence upon the policy of his party or upon the action of Congress.

A SUGGESTED REFORM IN THE PENSION BUREAU.

THE condition of the Federal Treasury compels attention to every item of public expenditure where a saving can be effected. Foremost among such items is the pension list. The immense sums now annually appropriated for pensions are known to be greatly in excess of the demands of gratitude for services rendered during the last war. Not only are the names of unworthy persons borne on what Mr. CLEVELAND says should be a "roll of honor," but laws under which millions are expended have been placed on the statute-book not so much for their ostensible beneficiaries as for the gain of politicians and pension attorneys. Since 1865 the number of pensions has increased from 85,986 to 876,504, and at the present rate of progress the limit will not be reached until the yearly cost of pensions is $200,000,000.

It is unnecessary, however, to go over a story that is old, and that is thoroughly understood by every intelligent person in the country. There is no question as to the existence of an evil. The only question is as to the remedy. The whole country, irrespective of party or section, is willing to pay the full debt of gratitude to the men who fought for the Union. The knowledge that frauds are committed in the name of gratitude for patriotic sacrifices, however, is general, and the deserving as well as the undeserving pensioner suffers from the evil reputation of pension frauds and pension sharks.

Among the grossest and meanest of the evils bred and fostered by the present system are the opportunities afforded by it to shifty and dishonorable politicians to use the roll for their own and their party's purposes. How powerful a political engine is the Pension Bureau in the hands of an unscrupulous politician has been recently shown in the Congressional investigation of Mr. RAUM. It is assumed among politicians that a commissioner who has the mind to make an evil use of his power may always harass and often defeat a personal enemy or a political opponent by simply delaying applications for pensions, thus making an aspirant for re-election to Congress unpopular with what has come to be known as the "soldier vote." On the other hand, the commissioner may promote the aspirations of a friend by "expediting" his business before the office. This is but one wrong of the many that are perpetrated, and that are made not only possible but almost inevitable by the politicians' control of the bureau.

It is perfectly clear that no reform can be lasting that does not take the pension roll out of politics. This, of course, will not entirely prevent reckless legislation, but administration may be reformed, the power of the pension attorney may be greatly circumscribed, and as it is he who is responsible for the origination of much of the obnoxious legislation that in recent years has found its way into the statute book, while he is the active lobby agent who "pushes" every bill the enactment of which will increase his clientèle and his fees, his suppression will indirectly at least exert a beneficial influence on Congress.

A bill has recently been introduced into Congress providing for the transfer of the Pension Bureau to the War Department. This measure is the result of long and careful consideration. Many of the public men who are most familiar with the wrongs and injustices of the present system have reached the conclusion that the Pension Bureau, with its ramifications and connections in every town of the Northern States, will remain a powerful and corrupt political machine so long as the commissionership is a reward for party services. The object of this bill is to put an end to this state of affairs; to kill the influence of the attorney, whose interest lies in increasing the number of pensioners and the amounts paid, rather than in discovering and rewarding only the deserving; to make it impossible to employ pensions as bribes to voters, and to defeat or elect aspirants for Congress by retarding or expediting the applications of their constituents. It is proposed that an officer of the army shall take the place of the politician, and that his principal subordinates shall be also officers of the army.

The saving of money now expended in salaries by the adoption of such a system will not be great, but at this juncture every dollar saved is of importance. The gain in character will be very great. The absolute divorce of the bureau from party politics will be still more important. The army will give the country an efficient and honest service, and the pension attorney will lose his standing in court. The honest pensioner will secure his deserts, and will be the last to object to the proposed transfer. Whether the service will be as energetically performed as it is under civilian management is doubtful; but slowness in the right direction is much more desirable than speed in the wrong direction. If there is any vital objection to the plan, it does not now occur to us. As the pensions, however, are for the survivors of both services, it might at first sight seem to be well to join the army with the navy in the management of the bureau; but the objection to this is that one department or the other must be responsible, and that the two could not probably work harmoniously together, neither being willing to be subordinate.

TENEMENT-HOUSE PROBLEMS.

IN a vague way the well-to-do and prosperous people of New York and the country know that the poor who live in those parts of the east side of the metropolis known as the tenement-house sections are overcrowded in their dwellings, sometimes insufficiently fed, not always regularly employed, and frequently underpaid for the work that they do. Under such conditions these people are prevented from making progress in the arts of civilization, and their children lack that training so desirable to make them always self-supporting. The great majority have little ambition beyond merely sustaining themselves from day to day and week to week. Their hard lot shuts out higher aspirations, and habits of thrift and cleanliness are not of easy growth. But even among these people there are some who have aspirations for better things, and there are some also who, by uncommon sturdiness, raise themselves above their environment, and become property-owners, proprietors, and in every way good citizens. There is therefore even in these sections a certain amount of progress; but the progress is that of only a few individuals, and not that of the whole body of the people. Some time ago there was established a society called the Neighborhood Guild, composed of zealous and educated men and women, for work among these people in helping them to alleviate the hard conditions that bound them to unrelieved toil.

Two or three years ago the work of the Neighborhood Guild was taken up by the University Settlement Society, and the members of the guild taken into the society. The progress of the work since then has been gratifying, even though to some of the impetuous members, who looked always for great reforms to be accomplished not later than day after to-morrow, the progress has seemed disappointingly small and slow. But it necessarily must be slow, and it also must be small before it can become great. Those who give their time to the work are worthy of the sympathy and encouragement of all good men and good women in whatever walk of life.

In the tenement-house section for some time several gentlemen of the University Settlement Society have lived so that they could become acquainted with the people, know their needs, and find out wherein they could be assisted. Within a few weeks the society has taken a new house at 22 Delancey Street, just around the corner from the old headquarters in Forsyth Street. In the new house there will be established, besides the living-rooms for the resident members, class-rooms, reading-rooms, and meeting rooms, and the society is sanguine that the new house will become a general meeting-place for the men of the section who care for another resort than those the dram-shops afford. In its work at this time the society has several needs. Several more resident members are needed in the work of observation and organization; teachers for night classes are in demand, and also lecturers to speak at the meetings. Ladies could also be put to work in the kindergarten classes and in visiting the poor, the needy, and the sick. But something else is also needed, and that, fortunately, in a generous city like New York, is usually easy to obtain. That something

else is money with which to pay rent, to organize schools, to arrange exhibitions, and to defray expenses generally. The members work without compensation, and therefore this is not a new organization of paid and professional philanthropists, but a practical work of unselfish zeal regulated by instructed intelligence.

Dr. STANTON COIT, the founder of the Neighborhood Guild, is just returning from London, where he has been at work at Toynbee Hall, and he will have charge for the next six months of the new headquarters, and be the director of the work. It is the hope of the members of the University Settlement Society—an unfortunate name, by-the-way, and in no sense an improvement upon the old name of Neighborhood Guild—that they will be able in the near future to found an institution similar to Toynbee Hall, where a great and good work is in progress—not a work of charity in the ordinary sense, which implies the giving of alms, but a work of charity in the highest sense, the sense that makes of charity the greatest of the three cardinal virtues.

THE INDIANS IN OUR WEST.

THE knowledge of our country which foreigners possess is still far from being flatteringly intimate. The last example of this defect was furnished by the latest English visitor of note, who, in view of a lecture engagement in the West, asked the New York reporters whether there was much need to fear attacks by Indians and buffaloes around Minneapolis. Whoever knows our country laughs at such a question; but is it at all positive that a similar uncertainty might not disturb some of our own citizens under the same circumstances? So rapid has been the march of civilization in our West that even persons in the Eastern and Southern States who have not crossed the continent in recent years can scarcely be expected to comprehend the changes that have taken place in far Western conditions. It happens that there is a dealer in Indian curiosities in St. Paul at present—drawing his supplies from Montana, Wyoming, and the Canadian Northwest—but not even such relics of the departed red men are kept on sale in Minneapolis. Chicago has no such trader that we remember, nor has Omaha. In the larger cities of the far West the only "Indian museums," as they call them there, are in Denver. In Helena, Cheyenne, and the still smaller towns of that imperial region the seeker for mementos of the Indians must trust to the chance of finding the relics that fall into the hands of the petty pawnbrokers and dealers in second-hand wares.

The Indians themselves are, of course, more uncommon in the sight of travellers through the West. One must journey far to see them, and one must know how to choose his routes, for it is now possible to go to San Francisco and back by different routes without a glimpse of a red man. Whoever would be sure of seeing Indians must make the transcontinental journey by the far Southern or the far Northern lines. The Canadian Pacific route and what is called "swinging round the circle" on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway in Colorado offer the best chances for seeing this fading race, because both routes pass through or close beside great Indian reservations.

Wild uncontrolled Indians there are none in this country or Canada except the hiding Seminoles in Florida and the scattered feeble Crees of the Hudson Bay country. The statuesque red folk, blanketed like animated bundles on the station platforms, or bobbing up and down upon their ponies on the plains, are sure to be under government control. Such are they that are to be seen in the North and South by the routes that have been mentioned. By way of the Northern Pacific Railroad Indians may or may not be seen, and by way of the Union Pacific the chance that they will not appear is much the stronger. At the utmost it will be solitary figures or tiny groups that the sight-seer will encounter.

What is true of New York State is true of the new Western States. We have thousands of Indians in this State, but many of our white citizens never saw any of them. In the newest of the States are likewise very many persons who, if they have seen the red men, have only seen them in showmen's exhibitions. This is because in both parts of the land the red men are "corralled" upon reservations away from the main routes of travel. It is true that the Western tribes are newer to these conditions. The old longing for the chase is still upon them, and the pitiful belief that the buffalo will reappear still haunts some of them. Therefore they occasionally break away from their enclosures, as a band of Utes has done in Colorado within a month. But Denver, the chief city of that State, is as little concerned or acquainted with Indians as is New York city.

AS TO MILLIONAIRES.

AFTER all there is something to be said in support of the propensity of contemporaneous American multimillionaires to devise the bulk of their accumulations in large lumps, rather than distribute them equally among their natural heirs. There is a certain amount of economy in vast fortunes. A sixty-millionaire with six children may either leave them ten millions apiece, or he may leave fifty millions to one and two millions each to the other five. An advantage to the public about the latter method is that an inherited fortune of ten millions merely makes its recipient a very rich citizen, while fifty millions constitutes its possessor, in spite of himself, more or less of a public institution. A considerable part of the income of ten millions may, by painstaking endeavor, be spent in the furtherance of the luxury and pride of its administrator; but before the income of fifty millions, personal desires and aspirations shrink into comparative inconsequence. To distribute or employ the surplus income from a financial aggregation of that size calls for a settled policy and a system. Accordingly its disposition is seldom the work of mere amateur investors, but calls for the employment of the ablest experts, whose object is not so much to derive the greatest possible annual gains from the investments they direct, as to make those investments promote and duly share the general prosperity of the country.

From that love of money which the Scriptures tell us is the root of all evil, the possessors of huge fortunes may be expected to be exempt. They have no occasion to be hard masters or extortionate lenders. The more nearly they can contrive that the great force under their control shall work under laws analogous to the laws of nature, the more nearly their administration approximates to success. That capital is useful to a country, particularly to a young country, is nowhere denied. The special advantage of capital in very large sums is the diminished proportion of its returns that can be used up by the owner, and the increased proportion that must be diverted to the use of other people. The lesson of the conservative influence of great power is taught anew every time a new party comes into control of the general government. It is taught almost as regularly every time a huge property changes hands. And the greater the property the likelier it is that the expected demonstration will be forth-coming.

Taking them as a class, the American multimillionaires are an exceptionally sober-minded lot of men, whose energies are taken up with pretty serious concerns. Few of them devote their time to frivolous expenditures, the more glaring extravagances and absurdities of conduct being usually attributable to persons whose financial opportunities are comparatively limited, and who are therefore all the more exposed to the temptation to spend all their incomes in "having a good time." The really eminent representatives of fiscal aggregation do not build million-dollar stables, nor encumber the remote places of the earth with useless palaces out of mere pleasure in architectural construction. Nor do they guzzle and gormandize themselves into premature graves, and leave harems of common-law wives to make trouble for their executors. Usually they are men of clean, or at least respectable lives, good Americans, and as sensitive as other Americans to the expression of a reasonable public opinion. The publicity of American life, in some respects objectionable, but wholesome in many others, affects, and possibly restrains them more than it does most other people. So it happens that if great wealth could buy rank in the United States, as Mr. LABOUCHERE suggests that it should in England, our archmillionaires might constitute a fairly exemplary and public-spirited peerage.

Happily we don't need any peers; but there are public duties for the performance of which the popular will is always ready to constitute the millionaires a special committee. All the quasi-public work which a paternal government might undertake, but which thus undertaken would be contrary to the traditions of our democracy, we are willing to see carried through by millionaire-power. Paternalism in government we object to; but when Mr. FLOWER buys a quarantine station, or Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN a quarantine steamer, we clap our hands. We can stand a deal of paternalism in our millionaires without flinching. When they build cathedrals for us, and pay for keeping our art museums open on Sunday, and pay the deficit after a season of grand opera, we are glad that we have got them. And yet the work of their accumulations in promoting industrial development, of which we hear little, is doubtless of much more public importance than their more obvious benefactions and benevolences. That, happily, is a work which is the more sure of being done the greater the surplus fortune behind it—a consideration that abounds with solace to the public whenever a fifty-million-dollar property changes hands.

SWEET SIMPLICITY IN KANSAS.

IT may be remembered by persons who take a lively interest in politics that they had an election a few weeks ago in the charming, if remote, commonwealth of Kansas, at which time a gentleman named LORAINE D. LEWELLING was elected Governor of the State. It is a remarkable fact that a man with a name at once so limpid, sonorous, and aristocratic should have been elected by the votes of that "magnificent army of the plain people"—as they are pleased to call themselves—the People's Party, yet such is the fact; and it shows incidentally that even a noble and upright man may bear an aristocratic name, and also that the voice of the People's Party is almighty in Kansas.

It now appears that certain frivolous persons living in Topeka had planned a ceremonial for the inauguration of Governor-elect LEWELLING, which was to include a grand inauguration ball; but that Spartan personage opposed the idea on the ground that such a function would not compose with the simple principles of the People's Party. At a mass-meeting of Populists a long series of resolutions was adopted, setting forth the sentiment that "the recent political victory was won by the plain people of Kansas, and was a victory against mammon-worship in all its forms; it was but one battle in all the irrepressible conflict between the people and all that greed which finds its most luring exponent in society, with its ostentatious display of power to spend money for trifles, while those who have earned it starve;" together with many other expressions of hatred and contempt for the un-American character of dancing parties, including the assertion that "the plain people of Kansas who elected the new State officers cannot look but with anxiety upon any indication that the officers have submitted to the allurements of that fashionable society which represents all the enemies of the common people, and, based upon wealth gained by monopoly, constitutes a dangerous lobby about the officials it may secure in its meshes."

These noble sentiments were the crystallization of many speeches made by various thoughtful patriots, but among all those who denounced the sickening idea of a fashionable ball, a certain Mr. FRANK HERALD made the deepest impression. He said that he had just come from an interview with that wonderful woman Mrs. MARY E. LEASE, named by her enemies "the Jumping Cassandra of Wichita," from her mournful prophecies of evil to come in case she were not elected to the United States Senate, for membership in which plutocratic body she has been working very hard. Mrs. LEASE had told Mr. HERALD that she "favored a country-dance, but was dead against any low-neck and swallow-tail affair." This announcement was received with deafening applause, and the fashionable inauguration ball died a-borning.

He was a malignant Republican office-holder, soon to be shaved by the People's guillotine, who said that he knew why Mrs. LEASE didn't want to wear a low-necked dress. A more outrageous insinuation never disgraced a political campaign. Although, in the Kansas phrase, Mrs. LEASE is a spare lady, yet there is no reason to believe she would not adorn any gown she might wear; and the sneer of a Democratic politician, to the effect that Governor-elect LEWELLING preferred to wear his trousers tucked into his boot-legs in order to keep his silver dollars from falling through the holes in his pockets to the floor, is a slander equally scandalous. The People's Party won the election in Kansas, and Populist ideas must become popular. The swollen aristocracy of Topeka may not presume to teach the plain people how to inaugurate their Governor. It is a broad general truth that what Mrs. MARY E. LEASE says "goes" in Kansas, and if anybody is disposed to doubt it, let him consult Mr. MARY E. LEASE.

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THE EDITOR'S LOVE-STORY.

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JUN.

"MARGARET PAYNE and Lewis Harrington. How do you like the names, Miss Price?"

"Well enough; they sound as if some one had a right to them, and why not you?"

"If they sound real, I'm afraid they're the best part of the story," replied John Carter. He had a strong young face and figure, and had recently begun what his friends called a "literary career." It had not yet gone beyond reading the manuscripts of others in a magazine office, and the attempt occasionally to produce a manuscript of his own outside of office hours. For some weeks he had been working on a story about which he and Miss Ethel Price had talked much, and now he had brought his manuscript to read to her.

"No; it's all poor," he went on. "And as for ending the thing, I cannot do it. My last pages invariably sound stranger than fiction, and not a bit like truth."

"To be honest with you, Mr. Carter, I never imagined you would get the precious story past the beginning. You've been talking about it ever since that first meeting of ours; and now you really mean to tell me it needs only a conclusion?"

"Yes; and that is what you must supply, with just a bit of candid criticism, here and there, of the part I am going to read you."

"But if I end it, whose story will it be, yours or mine?"

"Yours, of course, Miss Price. How could I have written any of it but for you; and with the conclusion left wholly in your hands, whose else could it be?"

"Still yours, of course; without a beginning it would be a green curtain without a play."

"Well, we needn't quarrel about the authorship yet. Let's wait till it's done. Now, if you will listen, and criticise whenever you choose, I will read. When I stop, have your mind made up. If you can't end the story for me, the whole thing goes into the fire, and my story is told. I shall never have the heart for another."

He meant to say these last words lightly, but Miss Price must have noticed the seriousness that got into his voice in spite of himself. She, too, looked more interested in what was coming than she thought. He took a comfortable seat under a lamp, and she, curiously pretty, with her Greek head and hair, and eyes so living that they made one lose for a moment the other beauties of her face, sat on a sofa facing him. Carter saw that a flush in her cheeks made her prettier than ever to-night. With a fine air of unconcern, he began to read:

"Lewis Harrington was a very busy man. For four months he had been a 'reader' for the *Fortnight*. He had looked upon the position when offered to him as a special private entrance to the temple of letters, a fane in which from early years he had longed to serve in some capacity.

"He had not known, any more than 'the great reading public,' what being a 'reader' for a popular periodical really meant. He soon learned that instead of coming into charming intercourse with the whole list of 'eminent contributors,' he was keeping his nose uncommonly close to an active grindstone; that for one manuscript which gave him the faintest pleasure, he had to wade through reams of rubbish. And so it was that on a certain Saturday afternoon, when he was going to spend Sunday with some cousins in the country, young Harrington took with him a dozen short stories in manuscript to read on the train in and out.

"He reached the station just in time, and the train was crowded. The only half-empty seats he could see were really more than half filled by large old women, or men of severe aspect with big newspapers.

"After walking several car lengths, he found a few more places in a district common to crowded trains, and worthy of some such title as the Infant Belt. It was a district he, like most sensible men, was wont to shun; yet in one of the seats, not an inch over half occupied, sat the most attractive person he had seen in any of the cars. She was a girl not a day too old, and of an appearance—"

"Just a moment, Mr. Carter. Isn't it a mistake to make your heroine too beautiful? Just being a heroine seems to me enough usually, and you story-writers always think people want to know exactly what girls look like."

"No, I can't change that place," said Carter. "My heroine is not a common heroine."

"Oh, I don't want you to make her a fright," she replied, looking bewilderingly charming herself, "only—"

"No, no; that will do as it is;" and he went on decisively:

—"of an appearance that would have caught and held Harrington's eye at any time or place; for Lewis had been neither editor nor man long enough to have outgrown a hearty liking for a pretty face.

"He sought no further. No, the seat was not engaged, and Harrington, after distantly helping to rearrange the girl's bundles, found himself sitting by her side.

"The train moved out of the station, and Harrington, with no time to waste, took a manuscript out of his grip-sack and began to read. It was harder than usual to fix his mind upon his work. The babies of the region were a restless lot, and, to his more subtle distraction, he could not help feeling that his fair neighbor was interested in what he was about. There was no outward show of interest, yet he felt it plainly. To be sure, the fact caused him no special resentment.

"'I suppose it's only common feminine curiosity,' he told himself. 'She hasn't any business to care what I am doing, but perhaps she will settle down soon, and let me do likewise.'

"All the while he was reckoning without the host of babies about him. Clearly they had no idea of settling down. One of the three with a woman in the very first seat ahead was a complete little demon. He squirmed and fretted in a way to confirm any bachelor in celibacy. The girl at Harrington's side positively irritated him by looking sympathetic.

"'Good heavens!' he thought, 'what is she going to do?' These women are queer, even when they're young and pretty.'

"Could it be? Yes, the girl actually leaned forward and touched the thrice-blest mother on the shoulder.

"'Won't you let me hold him for you?' she asked, in a voice which drew poor Harrington's mind completely from his work.

"'Thank you kindly, mum,' said the mother, handing over the child, and, with increased prospects of success, trying once more to extract a bottle from a little bag.

"'This is too much,' muttered Harrington. 'What a fool I was to sit down here! Yet, by George! she must be a saint. I wouldn't do it for farms.'"

"Just like a man," Miss Price interrupted again. "You know you want women to like this story, and they will hate its hero if you don't take care."

"The men would hate him if he liked that baby and thanked the girl for dragging it into his seat."

"But men like feminine girls, I've always been told," she rejoined, with a suspicion of archness in her voice.

Carter looked at her, and said: "They would be fools not to like this girl, and perhaps you are right. There! I've marked the passage for revision, unless my mind changes back. Here goes again:

"Then Lewis went on reading the manuscript. The circumstances were not in the author's favor. The baby wriggled over a great deal more than its just share of the seat, and, in spite of her motherly cares, the girl's interest in Harrington's work continued. Nevertheless, he managed to finish the story.

"'That won't do,' he decided. 'It's trash;' and back it went into his bag.

"The next was better only in being shorter, and offering a trifle less novelty of attraction for the girl beside him. It too went back into the bag with a very positive rejection in the editorial eye.

"What a dainty thing the next one was! scrupulously written on the neatest of paper, and bound together in the corner with a bit of blue ribbon.

"'I wish these budding authoresses wouldn't dabble in book-binding too,' muttered Lewis, cutting the ribbon with his knife, and dropping it in contempt on the floor.

"His neighbor started perceptibly. He looked askance at her,

and could see that her interest had grown to something very like positive excitement. Her face told it all too plainly. Between the baby in her hands and the manuscript in his, she was in a strange state.

"'The girl isn't crazy?' Lewis wondered. 'I'm sure I cannot imagine what I'm doing to stir her up so. As soon as some one gets out I'll change my seat, if I have to turn nurse myself.'

"The harder he tried to fix his mind on the story, the more he wondered what was the matter. The girl would start nervously every time he turned a page, and twice he caught her furtively scanning his face.

"After all, it was a pretty poor story—about a fellow fresh from college, settled in a country mill town to learn the business from the lowest rung of the ladder. The minister's pretty daughter Polly and he, of course, had the usual 'affair.' A picnic was the scene of the story's climax, and the great question was, would Tom offer himself to Polly?

"In spite of the story's thinness, its few natural touches gave Harrington a mild interest in it. Neither of the others had been worth special criticism, nor, in all seriousness, was this one; but an amusing thought crossed Lewis's mind, and with the last few pages still unread, he took a small pad of paper from his bag. This preparation was not lost upon the girl. Lewis could have sworn he felt the curiosity bristling out from her.

"He scribbled down the story's title on his pad—'A Summer's Work'—and smiled at himself for the pretence that there was anything to say which he could not remember when all was read. But why not experiment upon the girl? Everything he did seemed to disturb her, and some honest criticism might have results still more surprising. So he scrawled, clear and large enough for a reader three seats away, 'The work of a rather observant school-girl.'

"The baby could hardly have been affected by these words, yet it seemed all at once to call forth its nurse's redoubled vigilance. Harrington's little plan was surely telling for something.

"'Touches of cleverness,' he went on scrawling, 'but, on the whole, very thin, familiar, and medio—'

"He never finished that word, for the infant seemed to fling itself almost into his arms. The girl was blushing furiously, as she mumbled something like, 'Very embarrassing to sit in such a seat—wish the mother—'

"And that was never finished, for just then the brakeman opened the car door, and shouted in: 'Woodland Station! Woodland!'

"Instantly the confusion in Harrington's seat was more than worse confounded. The girl had been so engrossed with Lewis's work and her own that she had no idea her station was so near. She tumbled the baby over into its mother's lap, and began a scrambling collection of the books and bundles behind her and in the rack above.

"'Let me help you,' said Harrington, jumping up, and laying the manuscript down on the seat.

"'I am so sorry to trouble you,' said the girl, nervously; 'and after worrying you to death with the baby, too.'

"'Oh, not at all. One doesn't often fall in with real Samaritans.' And Harrington took the last little package from the rack and put it into the girl's hands. As she left the seat she hastily picked up something else, and standing in the aisle, said, 'Do be good to this poor woman and her children, and—and' (much more rapidly, and with blushes)—'Polly refuses Tom, after all; but that's something you'll never—'

"'All aboard!' rang just then from the platform, for the train had been standing a minute already, and the girl rushed for the door.

"'Something I shall never what—never what?' cried Harrington, pursuing, to the delight of the passengers.

"'Oh, never dream of it again!' the girl laughed back, jumping off just as the train began to move."

"She did have the last word, didn't she, Mr. Carter?" Miss Price broke in. "You've done it beautifully so far; but, except for that last word, don't you take the man's side pretty strongly, and make the girl seem rather dreadful? Then—you won't mind my saying it—aren't you afraid some people may think the baby just a little vulgar as an instrument in the story—just a little cheap?"

"Why, yes, of course they will, but I thought you liked the baby. I'm sure I never did; and as for taking the man's side, perhaps your ending will set that right. Your turn is coming, you know."

An outsider might have said they both looked a little uncomfortable just then. Miss Price's face showed clearly that the prospect Carter held out puzzled, even agitated her. She saw he was waiting for her next word, and said, quickly: "Oh, do go on! I'm nearly as much excited now as she was."

And Carter began reading again:

"What was there to be done? Harrington could not jump off after her, leaving behind a bag full of other people's manuscripts and his own Sunday clothes. Feeling strangely baffled, he returned to his seat, and caught a last glimpse of the girl's face smiling at him from the station door.

"'What a picture she is, and how clever she looks, and how I did rattle her! But why under the sun did she ask me to look out for those brats? I suppose there's no help for it; she did ask.'

"The mother was still in a bad way, and in two minutes Harrington was awkwardly amusing the least pleasing of the uncomfortable trio, while the most noisy was reduced to quiet. As soon as he could rid himself of his charge, he determined to finish the story of Polly and Tom.

"'Where is the thing? I put it right here on the seat.' The trampled blue ribbon winked up at him from the floor, and at nearly the same moment his eye caught a bit of white between the red plush back and bottom of the seat.

"'Here it is,' he half exclaimed. 'Now for the end! If that girl spoke the truth, and Polly really does refuse Tom—'

"He moved the back of the seat, and drew out—only the first page of the manuscript. Look where he would, not another sheet could he find. What had become of it all, and what excuse could he give the office for losing all but one page of a contribution? The author, if nobody else, might consider it valuable.

"He sat down and began to think. Half unconsciously he read the lone recovered page, as if that might possibly bring back the rest. Somehow he did not look at the upper corner of the paper for several minutes, and when he did he read in an astonished whisper:

"'Please address
Miss Margaret Payne,
Elm Ave., Woodland Station,
Mass.'
"'Will call for MS. if unavailable.'

"'By George!' he went on, whispering, 'what an infernal fool and brute I have been! Woodland was the last station—where she got off. Margaret Payne! The name fits her precisely. Of course it's all as clear as day. She saw I didn't like her poor little story, and—just like a woman—ran off with the manuscript! But she's left her address, and this must never be the end of it.'"

"There! that's as far as I can go," said Carter, as he stopped reading, and looked eagerly at his listener. "Not the end of it, indeed! Well, I hope not, but I've found out I can't carry it on. Some one else must look out for that."

"And I am the some one?"

"Yes, Miss Price; from this point on the story must be yours."

"What do you mean?"

"Are you really ready to help me, if you can?"

"Yes, if I can."

"Then consider the case a moment." His voice was growing more and more serious, and with far greater fervor than the cool discussion of fiction could ever excite he went on: "Here are these two people. I need not tell you how they came together again and grew intimate. Perhaps you do not know how much the girl became to the man in the next few months. Do you?"

"How could I know all that?"

"You shall hear it now. She quickens every day of his work, every act of his life. It is all done and lived for her. He knows that if she were taken out of his life there would be nothing left. He might not die in a week, or a year, but he could never truly live without her."

Then as Carter looked at her eyes he saw them more filled than he had ever seen them before with that strange fulness which sometimes thrusts itself into them from every part of her being.

Still she said nothing.

"The story must not stop there," he went on. "Will you not end it now? The man knows he can make her happy, if loving her heart and soul will do it. Or, if you would rather not end the story as I have written it, let it drop. Perhaps we have had enough of the form of fiction. It's poor cold-blooded stuff when life and love are set against it."

"But real things must come to some end, I suppose."

"Yes, of course they must. Why can't the story and the reality end together—and end well, as they should?"

She looked away a moment, then turning her eyes full upon his, asked, by way of answer, "Why not?" and joined fiction and fact hand in hand like brothers.

It was answer enough, and before John Carter went home that night the part that story-telling had played for them was brought to a close, for Ethel Price said, "Now that the end of this strange true tale of our meeting is all arranged, we need not care whether it is yours or mine. Call it ours."

A STORY OF VENEZUELA'S REVOLUTION.

BY W. NEPHEW KING, JUN., (LATE) U.S.N.

"Las armas están siempre en los manos del enemigo," were Crespo's last words as he said "Adios" to Venezuela's fair capital and went into the mountains to give the cry for liberty. That immortal saying of the great Bolivar, "Arms are always in the hands of the enemy," was the answer of the intrepid leader of the revolution to his friends when they attempted to show him the folly of fighting twenty thousand fully armed government troops.

Six months have passed. Caracas is *en fête* to-day. At the summit of the "Casa Amarilla," from the towers of the old cathedral of Santa Teresa, in the hands of pretty Venezolanas, floats the brilliant tricolor of the revolution. Pulido has fled like a thief in the night, cowardly deserting his starving unpaid soldiers, while Crespo's advance-guard, under Victor Rodriguez, triumphantly enters the city's gates.

I stood at the corner of the Plaza and listened to the mellow chimes overhead, recalling so many sad memories of the bloody revolution, as fourteen thousand sturdy volunteers marched by. Even one who had watched the progress of the war, been an eye-witness of Crespo's marvellous strategy, and shared the hardships of his campaign, found it difficult to realize that six months before this great army consisted of only fifty men, and that every gun, every cartridge, every machete, had been captured in battle from the enemy. Modern soldiers of greater fame than Crespo's might well be proud of such an achievement.

"Viva Crespo! Viva el Gobierno!" was shouted by enthusiastic Venezolanos. And the blending of these antagonistic battle-cries, that once echoed from mountain-peak to sea, was the harbinger of an era of peace and tranquillity to "Little Venice," as Columbus aptly named this favored land on the shores of the Caribbean. Well do I remember the first time that these two cries were uttered by one and the same man, and the wild excitement that followed.

It was the night that Crespo's forces, under Piñango, had captured La Guayra. All day his hardy mountaineers had been pouring into the city, and before nightfall there were fully three thousand within the gates. Each café, hotel, and plaza had its quota, and every gallant soldier told of hand-to-hand combats. The "Leon de Oro" seemed the centre of attraction, however, and thither flocked the greater part of La Guayra's patriots. Toast after toast was proposed, until the very air seemed dense with revolutionary sentiments. The names of Crespo, Guerra, Colina, Pietri, Alvarez, and every other gallant fighter of the war, evoked intense enthusiasm, while an old Indian guitar-player improvised verses reciting the deeds of each. Suddenly there was a deathlike stillness as one of the heroes of the battle of Macuto arose. Holding a glass of wine in one hand, he drew his sword with the other, waved it over his head, and shouted, "Viva el Gobierno!"

If a thunder-bolt had fallen in their midst the excitement could not have been greater. Here was one of Crespo's stanchest supporters, an officer who had fought throughout the entire campaign, shouting the battle-cry of the enemy. And this, too, in the very heart of the revolution. Forgetting the great love they bore their general, but remembering that loyalty to Crespo was their creed, these impulsive fellows drew their machetes and rushed across the room. Jumping quickly upon a table, the officer, who had a voice like Salvini's, burst into a hearty laugh, and exclaimed:

"Como es, hombres, Ustedes no saben que nuestro querido General Crespo ha tomado á Caracas, y que nosotros somos ahora el Gobierno." (Why, my men, do you not know that our brave leader Crespo has taken Caracas, and that *we* are now the government?)

Such was the dramatic scene that united the battle-cries of the "Crespistas" and "Gobiernistas."

Though the possession of Caracas was the desideratum of both sides, the little seaport of La Guayra was the theatre of many stirring scenes. There the tyrant Mendoza imprisoned all the foreign merchants, that he might force money from them; and no man knew what would have been his next step had not our gallant consul, Philip C. Hanna, ordered their immediate and unconditional release. Ship after ship was detained by order of this lawless and self-constituted Dictator, and he was only brought to his senses by the guns of a foreign man-of-war. Despite the seriousness of the situation, in the little town under the mountain there occurred many incidents that were pathetically amusing. More than one of these were furnished by an individual known as William Collins, of whom I succeeded in securing an excellent photograph.

"Willie," as the boy became familiarly known to every one in La Guayra, was a St. Thomas darky, and had been appointed messenger to the United States consul at the beginning of the war. His face was as black as the surface of a polished stove, and when he smiled his head seemed to separate into hemispheres. Besides being a Danish subject, the fact that Willie was in the employ of a foreign consul exempted him from military duty. What did this matter to men of Mendoza's stamp, however? He needed soldiers, and have them he must, at any cost. One dark night, therefore, when the city was under martial law, and Willie had wandered from under the shadow of the American eagle's wings, he was promptly seized by a squad of government soldiers. As they were marching the poor boy to the *cuartel* he heard one of the men telling of a great battle down the coast, and of a steamer that was to be seized that night to transport the troops.

A few moments more and all would be over; for once within the portals of the military prison, no word could be sent to Colonel Hanna. Realizing this, as the squad marched by the English consul's home, and Willie saw the cheerful lights, he darted into the hallway. Besides being under the protection of the English flag, no soldier, he thought, would dare enter without a warrant; for even in revolutionary countries two places are held inviolate, the home and the church. Times had changed, however, and these men respected nothing. Rudely pushing aside the cross of St. George, they followed Willie, beating him with their machetes as he ran from room to room. The English consul, Mr. Martin Anderson, chanced to be away at the time, and the women of his household were dreadfully frightened, several of them fainting at the sight of the soldiers. Willie's natural gallantry now came to the rescue, and he voluntarily left the house rather than further alarm its inmates.

Soon the outrage became noised about, and Consul Hanna, with blood in his eye, made rapid strides to the military prison. There he found his faithful slave rigged out in a suit of soldier clothes. Following close upon the heels of our consul came the representative of England and Denmark. A demand was made for the boy as a member of the United States consul's household, as a Danish subject, and as one having been taken by force from the home of the English consul.

Thus did Willie become a subject of diplomatic controversy between Venezuela and three foreign governments.

Now comes the amusing phase of the story. Henrife Palacios, who was civil governor of La Guayra, knew that he had involved his country in an unpleasant snarl. Something must be done to conciliate the foreign consuls, for the day might come when he and his cowardly compatriots would need them to escape the just wrath of Crespo. An elaborate feast was arranged in honor of "the consular representatives and the commanders of the foreign men-of-war in the harbor of La Guayra." Invitations were issued nearly three weeks in advance; but "foreign representatives" were conspicuous by their absence. Palacios would have had to eat his feast alone had he not sent out into the highways and byways for his guests. So crushed was this high dignitary that when he met the consul's servant on the street a few days after, they drowned their ill feelings in copious draughts of aguardiente. That afternoon Willie marched into the consulate, his black skin glistening and his small eyes sparkling, saying, with pardonable pride:

"Well, sah, Governor Palacios and me's good friends now. We's been drinkin' together all de day."

Willie was not to be so easily conciliated, however, and became imbued with the idea that he had a just claim for $25,000 against the Venezuelan government. In this he was encouraged by every one in La Guayra, so when Admiral Walker appeared upon the scene with the *Chicago*, *Concord*, and *Kearsarge*, it was an easy matter to make the boy believe that the fleet had been sent there to demand an indemnity. This belief soon grew into a conviction, and every naval officer that Willie met upon the streets became the recipient of his confidence, with the promise of a good round percentage if he succeeded in obtaining the money. One afternoon the admiral himself was waylaid, and a promise exacted that he would threaten to bombard La Guayra unless the claim was immediately paid. For this Willie promised him one-half if he would increase the amount to $50,000. To definitely settle the matter, when the consul decided to buy him a suit of sailor clothes, the boy begged that he might be allowed to pay for them himself. Early in the morning he hired a small boat and went off to the flag-ship, saying to the paymaster,

"Well, sah, you kin just take de money for dese clothes out of de claim dat Admiral Walker is a-goin' to git me."

This, Willie announced, was the only means of keeping the flag-ship at La Guayra until he received his money.

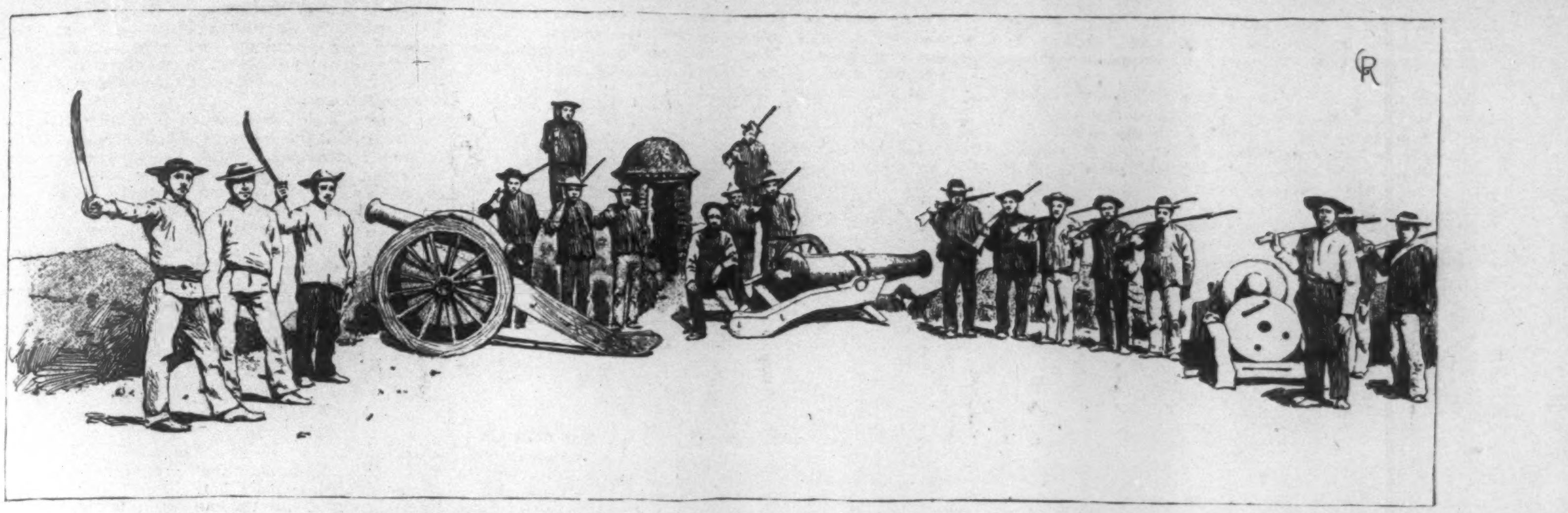
When the city was finally captured by the revolutionary forces, and peace was established throughout Venezuela, the change was almost magical. The dark clouds that had hung over the summit of the mountain for so long all passed away, and even the grass seemed a brighter green. On all sides you could hear the merry laughter of children, the liquid notes of birds, and the "shanty songs" of the "caleteros" discharging cargo from some merchant craft. A few nights after the troops entered I wandered around the streets to contrast the scenes then with those I witnessed during the dark days of the revolution.

Everything breathed of peace. Every face said, "We have fought for liberty; the war is over; let us enjoy ourselves." Within the shadow of the great dungeon where so many brave patriots were either assassinated or starved to death during the "reign of terror," a hand-piano was playing some wild Spanish air. An ex-soldier, with gun lying idle at his side, manipulated the instrument. Soon a crowd of noisy naked children joined hands and began to dance around him, while their happy parents looked on with delight. I had heard more melodious strains in other countries, yet there was a weird fascination about this peculiar music, and so when the fellow took up his piano and walked, I followed.

In front of the little custom-house, where the tyrant Mendoza was wont to imprison foreign merchants, another stop was made. Across the street the Plaza was filled with a gay crowd of loungers. Catching sight of the wandering minstrel, they ran up to him and said,

"Mira! mira! soldado, bota tu fusil y toca un valse para nosotros." (Here! here! soldier, put down your gun and play us a waltz.)

Now the piano responds, and the fellow grinds out one



THE OLD SPANISH FORT AT LA GUAYRA.—DRAWN BY GUY ROSE, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

those galloping Spanish waltzes. Under the tall cocoa-trees a score or more of couples are dancing in the soft moonlight, while the distant Caribbean sparkles like a bed of precious stones, and only the great mountain back of the city recalls the bloodshed of the past six months. One by one the dancers tire, toss a "medio" to the musician, and he moves on.

Near the cathedral corner another player had stationed himself. There the rivals met, and exchanged glances that savored more of war than peace.

"You were a sympathizer with the old government, anyway, while I was in the mountains fighting for Crespo," remarked player No. 1, as the music of player No. 2 almost eclipsed him.

The former had studied well the inflammable nature of his audience, for in less than thirty seconds player No. 2 and his piano were both rolled over into the gutter, leaving the ex-soldier master of the situation.

Through narrow streets, down dark alleys, went the now famous piano-player, followed by a crowd of men and boys. When the cathedral bell sounded midnight, I found myself on the river-front, almost alone, in one of the worst quarters of La Guayra. On the right was a low dive filled with drunken soldiers, fighting again the bloody battles of the revolution over the wine of the country. Strains of music from the piano brought them all to the door, with the cries of "Viva Crespo! Viva el Gobierno!"

One of these fellows caught sight of me, and insisted that I should come in and drink the health of Crespo. Assuring him of a warm admiration for the leader of the revolution, and of my support of his cause, I begged to be excused, owing to the late hour. He would not accept it, however, but proceeded to drag me in, declaring that to refuse would be to insult General Crespo. In a few minutes a crowd had collected around me, and it looked as though I would be forced to imbibe a large quantity of vile rum, a desire to the contrary notwithstanding. My case seemed rather a hopeless one, until one of the officers turned to me and said,

"No es usted Americano?" (Are you not an American?)

Scarcely had I replied in the affirmative before my new friend ordered the others away, and not only offered to escort me back to the consulate, but placed a mule at my disposal. This little compliment to the United States, trifling as it may seem, was thoroughly indicative of the friendly feeling towards our country even among the masses—all the more evident when contrasted with the insulting attitude of the party that had just been defeated. The humanity of our naval surgeons in nursing the sick and wounded, and our quasi-acknowledgment of the justice of Crespo's cause even while maintaining strict neutrality, will never be forgotten by those loyal-hearted revolutionists. American citizenship is, therefore, to-day at a high premium throughout Venezuela.

Another and an almost amusing proof of this Consul Hanna received one morning. About daylight he was awakened by a loud knocking upon the lower door. Looking from the balcony, he saw a general in full uniform with five prisoners. After apologizing for disturbing him at such an early hour, the officer said,

"Here are five men, your Honor, that I have just taken out of jail to turn over to you."

"I thank you for the courtesy, general, but with what offences were they charged?" replied the consul.

"I don't really know," he answered. "I heard they were Americans—that was enough."

As soon as peace became assured, all the residents of La Guayra looked back upon the past anarchy and chaos as upon some dreadful nightmare. None save those who lived there during the dark days of the revolution can realize the imminent danger through which every one passed. Had it not been for the presence of seven men-of-war in the harbor, the barbarians that controlled that city would have hesitated at no act of violence. Indeed, Mendoza announced that he respected no flag, and declared that he would massacre every foreigner in the place if any one interfered with his little scheme of plunder and imprisonment.

And the death roll of those poor wretches who were without foreign protection? This will ever remain a secret of the revolution. The American consul could a tale unfold, however, for the prison was in a building adjoining his. I had the good fortune of sharing the consulate with him during two of the worst months, and each morning awakened sickened from the memories of the night before. At all hours you would be aroused by the rude challenge of the guard almost under your window. If a prompt reply was not forth-coming from the approaching party, a bullet sometimes settled the doubt.

Only the Sunday afternoon before the fall of La Guayra several officers from the *Chicago* were sitting in the consul's office. The sun was shining as it shines only in the tropics, and the cathedral bell was calling the faithful to the vesper service. Suddenly a man cried out down the street, and before we could reach the balcony the poor wretch was lying in a pool of blood, completely hacked to pieces with a murderous machete. Two assistants came out of the prison, and dragged the body, head down, over the rough stones. The chief of police was sitting on a chair in front of the prison at the time, but did not even turn his head while the fellow was being killed not twenty yards away. As the guards passed with the body, he said,

"Bueno, que ha hecho él?" (Well, what did he do?)

"Oh, él se resistió y yo le di un machetazo, eso es todo." (Oh, he resisted, and I gave him the machete, that's all.)

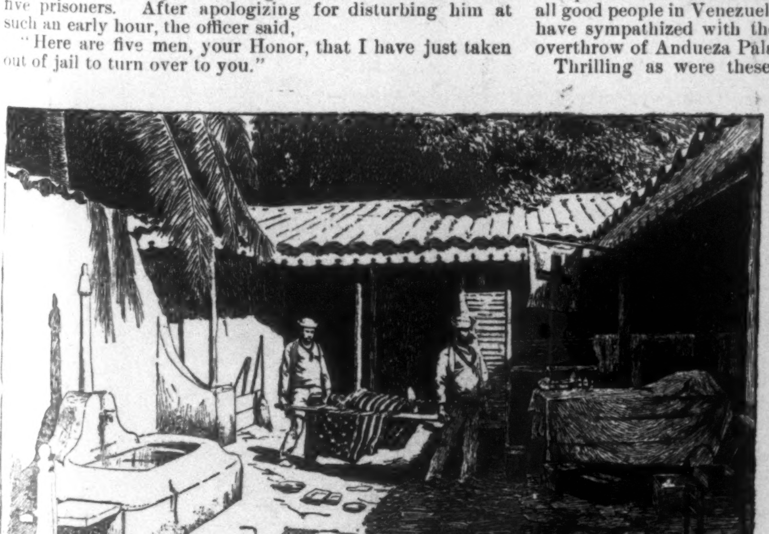
The poor fellow, it seems, was taken from his home to be impressed into the army. As the guard was dragging him to prison, he protested on account of his age. A few yards from the gate he fell down from exhaustion, and failed to rise at the command. This was the resistance for which the poor fellow was "given the machete."

There was a story in La Guayra before I left that this same guard was captured by the murdered man's brother, who was a revolutionary soldier, and treated to a dose of his own medicine. With both hands tied behind his back, he was carried out into the harbor in a small boat. There his head was taken off with the keen-edged machete, and the body thrown overboard.

It is from such lawless acts and barbarous deeds that Crespo has delivered his country. Is it strange, then, that all good people in Venezuela, both native and foreign, should have sympathized with the revolution, and prayed for the overthrow of Andueza Palacio and his tyrannical hirelings?

Thrilling as were these incidents, there are also some humorous ones that I have not yet mentioned. Among these the "attack upon the camp of the washer-women" stands solely and pre-eminently alone. By the time the United States war ships reached La Guayra each officer had rather an extended wash list. When the stewards brought the clothes ashore, therefore, it required a small army of women to undertake the important task of completing them by Saturday night. Unfortunately for the owners of some uniform suits of white duck, the washing was done on the shores of a small mountain stream. This body of water happened to cross the main road by which the government soldiers went back and forth to Punta de Mulato.

One day a fierce battle had been fought on the outskirts of the city, and the troops were forced to retire. As they crossed the above-mentioned stream, hungry, defeated, and scantily clad, some of them espied a few suits of clothes invitingly spread out to dry upon the rocks. With little ceremony these brave soldiers of the republic charged upon the women. The latter were completely routed, but, nevertheless, carried away everything they could conveniently handle. The spoils consisted of several uniforms, and these were quickly appropriated by the victors. The next morning the good people of La Guayra were treated to the rare sight of a number of government soldiers semi-clad in the uniform of the United States navy. One fellow wore a blouse without trousers, another a pair of trousers without a blouse, no two having the temerity to appear in full dress.



TRANSPORTING THE BODY OF A REVOLUTIONARY GENERAL THROUGH THE GOVERNMENT LINES UNDER PROTECTION OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.—DRAWN BY GUY ROSE AFTER A PHOT.

The climax was reached, however, when it became rumored that the washer-women had made an official report of the outrage to the admiral, and that the United States men-of-war were going to bombard the town unless each article was immediately returned. The result of this little practical joke was the despatching of a small boat with the stolen property, and an officer to make an ample apology for the indignity to the flag of the United States.

Such are a few reminiscences of a war that has been blackened with deeds of violence, and cowardly assaults upon defenceless women and children. Not by Crespo's sturdy followers, however, but by those who had the assurance to claim recognition from the civilized powers of the world.

A NEW YORK CHARITY.

In 1877 two or three tramps would go to the Vienna Bakery on Tenth Street and ask for a loaf of bread. It was never refused them, and the number of mendicants increased with each succeeding year. Mr. Louis Fleischman, the proprietor, seeing that the number was increasing steadily, recognized that he must systematize the alms-giving. He instructed his foreman never to refuse a loaf to any one who might ask, but in order to prevent inconveniencing people on the street, to let it be understood that bread would be distributed only from 2 A.M. to 7 A.M. Thus it is that towards twelve o'clock the applicants leave their seats in the parks and begin to assemble at the door of the bakery. By two o'clock the crowd has increased to 175 to 200 men. They form in single file, close to the walls, and extend from where the bread is distributed hot from the oven, through Tenth Street, around to and sometimes past Grace Church. A sound louder than a whisper is never heard, and no policeman is required to keep them in order. The very best fellowship exists among them, and no military company seems better disciplined. No respect, however, is paid to military appearance, for whichever one arrives first heads the company. Sometimes he is six feet tall, while immediately behind him is one probably not more than five feet or five feet two inches. Sometimes it is the reverse. Frequently some old man, leaning on his staff, with his white beard hanging down on his breast, leads the line, while more often it is some young man seemingly in the full enjoyment of youth. With all, it is an interesting crowd—one which invites study. As we find them of all sizes and ages, so also we see in the ranks men from all classes and stations in life. They are also of all nationalities. No questions are asked. It is supposed that when a man will come out at two o'clock he is hungry.

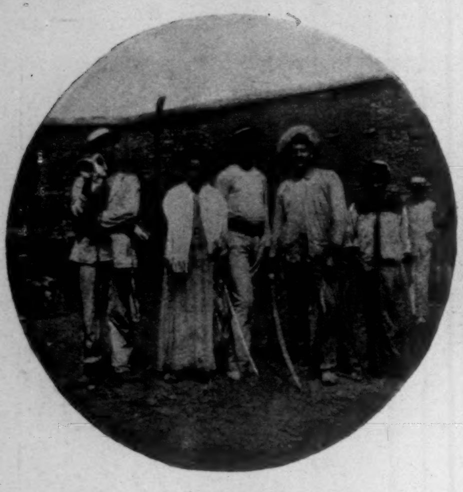
The general manager of the firm said: "Mr. Fleischman has been pursuing this course for fifteen years. It began by just a few asking occasionally, but when they saw that he did not object, the number gradually increased, until now an average of 200 loaves is distributed every night. In the winter each of the men brings a tin cup, and we give him a cup of hot coffee, already sweetened and with milk. We do not refuse a second cup. No women are allowed at night. We will not tolerate them. In the day they come, and we issue tickets which enable them to get bread three times a week. We do not limit them to any amount, but give according to the size of their families. Something which pleased Mr. Fleischman very much occurred last Friday morning. A gentleman who had been attracted by the line came here with a bag of five and ten cent pieces, and as a loaf was handed each man, gave five, ten, or fifteen cents, according to the appearance of the recipient. The foreman asked his name, but he refused to give it. The policemen do not molest them for they are very orderly, and besides, the policemen themselves know what a comfort a cup of hot coffee is on a cold winter's night, for they repeatedly stop here and get their coffee and rolls."

THE CUT DIRECT.

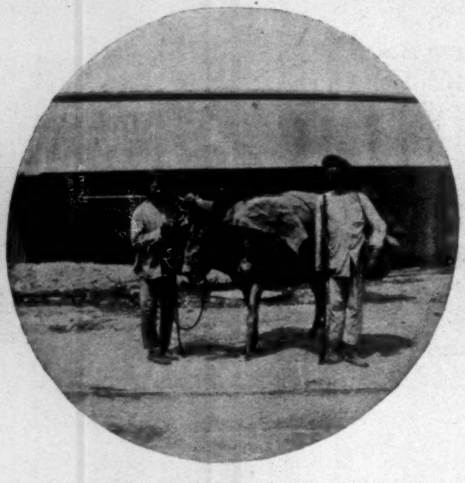
NATURE met a poet once
  On his way to town,
And the wondrous little dunce
  Passed her with a frown.

He could not approve the dame
  In a single part,
"Since"—he said it to her shame—
  "Nature is not art."

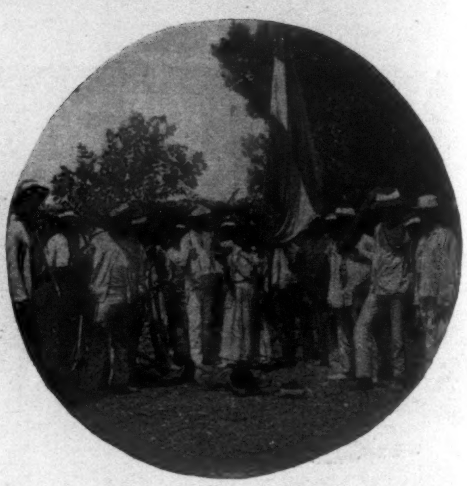
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



MEN AND WOMEN FIGHTERS.



TRANSPORTING AMMUNITION FROM LA GUAYRA TO THE FIELD OF BATTLE.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

ONE OF CRESPO'S MACHETEROS, WHO FOUGHT WITH GREASED BODIES.

A GIRL SOLDIER WHO WAS MADE A FULL CAPTAIN FOR KILLING TWO MEN IN BATTLE.

A BELLE WHO FOUGHT THROUGHOUT THE REVOLUTION.

A COUPLE OF BOY SOLDIERS.

THE BAND.

A VETERAN OF MANY REVOLUTIONS.

WILLIE, THE UNITED STATES CONSUL'S SERVANT, WHO WAS A SUBJECT OF DIPLOMATIC CONTROVERSY.

A SOLDIER FROM THE ORINOCO COUNTRY.

A GROUP OF WOMEN SOLDIERS.

THE BAND OF ANTONIO FERNANDEZ'S ARMY.

FOLLOWERS OF THE ARMY.

CHARACTER STUDIES AMONG THE SOLDIERS OF CRESPO'S ARMY DURING THE LATE REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY W. NEPHEW KING, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 1206.]

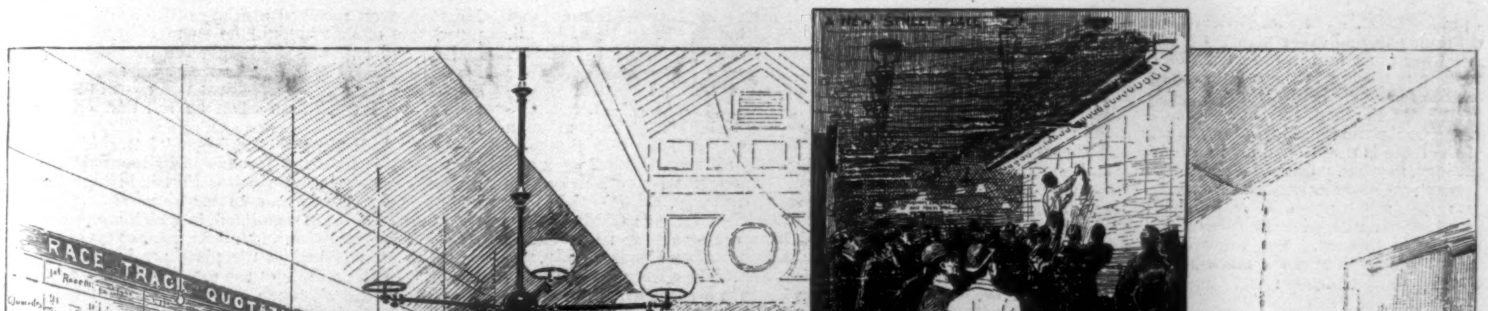
FRED LESLIE, COMEDIAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, LONDON.—[SEE PAGE 1215.]

GEORGE W. CHILDS'S OFFICE IN THE "PUBLIC LEDGER" BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

BURNING OF THE "PUBLIC LEDGER" BUILDING.

THE *Public Ledger* Building at the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, suffered from a severe fire on Tuesday, December 6th. There is general sympathy expressed for the owner of the paper, Mr. George W. Childs, who has endeared himself to all workers who have come in contact with him by his kindness and generosity, and won the esteem of the public at large by his many acts of munificence. It was nearly six o'clock in the afternoon when one of the women clerks noticed the smoke that entered the room. A fire had just been extinguished on the opposite corner, and upon being summoned by a clerk, firemen found a blaze in the cellar, where a lot of rubbish had been thrown. Before the firemen could do anything to check the fire the flames made their way to an air-shaft, and again demonstrated the usefulness of shafts in spreading a fire. The fifth floor, occupied by the compositors, was easily reached by the flames which sprang up through the well. The firemen appreciating the danger had meantime sent out two alarms, and a large force with steamers and other fire-machines were soon on hand. The city editor, who was just preparing for the work of the evening, was alarmed by the shouts below, and snatching up all his copy and assignment books, made a safe exit with his materials for Wednesday's paper. The many volunteers from other newspaper offices, together with the police and firemen, carried out what they could, and the valuable files of the paper and the curios and rich articles in the far-famed private office of Mr. Childs were all saved. Mr. Childs soon made his appearance on the scene, and standing in a doorway of the court-house across the street, watched the progress of the fire, while L. Clarke Davis, the managing editor, gave directions for the issue of



NEW YORK POOL-ROOMS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.—[SEE PAGE 1210.]

Wednesday's *Ledger*. By 7.30 the fire was under control, but by that time the building was thoroughly saturated with water, and some of the floors completely burned out. The damage is estimated at $150,000, which is said to be fully covered by insurance.

The *Ledger* had a job-printing office as an annex to the regular building on Sansom Street, which was uninjured. The office was complete, with the exception of the presses, and there the compositors went to work. The editorial staff occupied the Board of Trade room in the Drexel Building. The regard in which Mr. Childs is held by his fellow-citizens was forcibly illustrated while the fire was in progress. It is stated that the publishers of every weekly or daily newspaper in the city offered the use of their presses to Mr. Childs, it being impossible to work the *Ledger* presses that night, owing to the damage done by water. The presses of the *Record*, offered by Mr. William M. Singerly, were accepted by Mr. Childs to bring out the *Ledger* for Wednesday. Even in the midst of his own misfortune Mr. Childs showed his kindness of heart by providing the firemen with a supper at a restaurant near by, and the intelligence and bravery displayed by the firemen so delighted Mr. Childs and his good friend Mr. Anthony J. Drexel that a check for $5000 was promised to the director of the Department of Public Safety, to be used as he deemed fit for the benefit of the firemen. The many evidences of kindness on all sides that Tuesday night proved the "City of Brotherly Love" to be worthy of its name.

THE STUDY OF A POOL-ROOM.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THAT well-worn remark about going to see *Hamlet*, with the melancholy Dane omitted from the cast, is always brought to mind when I think of a pool-room. There you bet on the horses without ever seeing the race or going to the race-track. There you wager your money, with the firm hope of winning, and the old excuse of the track that you merely bet a small sum for the sake of having an active interest in some one of the horses that you are watching is not available. It is gambling pure and simple, with no extenuating circumstances. You do not see the horses run; no act of your own, no skilful play, can change the result when the bet is once made. You merely wait until the race is run, maybe a hundred miles away, and then, if you are lucky enough to pick the winner, you cash your ticket. All you know about the race is what is told you by the man in charge, and how it was run you must gather from the meagre details that are given while the race is in progress. Not far from the down-town exchanges are three pool-rooms in a bunch, and there each day during the racing season gather a motley crowd. Gray-haired, respectable-looking old men, portly brokers, sleek business men, anxious young clerks, dirty, unshaven specimens of humanity—ragged, careless men—all jostle and crowd together during the hours of business. Caste is disregarded, social barriers are broken down, the man with two dollars and a heap of luck is as good as anybody else—better than anybody else, in fact, if he is the only lucky one. The room is comparatively still, save for the whirring fans overhead that drive forth the clouds of tobacco smoke that would otherwise shut out the view. Men converse in whispers, and seldom is a laugh heard. The idea of gain is predominant. The money-devil has fastened its clutch upon each one, and every man is for himself. If he wins, his neighbor must lose in order that he may be paid, the book-makers not being in the business for fun. Sometimes the voice of the man behind the grating is heard as he calls to his assistant to record the bet just made.

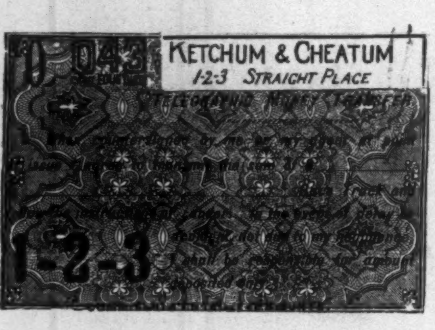
In entering a pool-room there is nothing to attract the eye. One end of the room is partitioned off like an office. There are four gratings, reading, "Commissions"; "Commissions, 1—2—3 Horses"; "Combinations"; "Cashier." To one side of the room runs a raised platform, and above it the wall is covered with black-boards, with the race-track, race, horses, etc., neatly printed thereon. The following diagram will give an idea of one section of the black-board, the horses, jockeys, etc., all being fictitious:

SARATOGA.				
3D RACE.			BLIND STAKES.	1¼ M.
5	2	1	5. 5. Bluff	Brown 110
6	2	1	5. 6. Giddy	Jackson 103
20	8	4	20. 20. Time	Robinson 112
1	$^{2}/_{5}$		$^{3}/_{5}$. 1 Last not Least	Pinckney 98
8	3	$^{7}/_{5}$	5. 6. J. Smith	Pilson 110
5	2	1	8. 5. Cicero	Fogg 108
$^{8}/_{5}$	$^{3}/_{5}$		Actual	Barlow 98

The top line gives the name of the race-track; the second line contains the number of the race, the stake for which it is run, and the distance—a mile and a quarter. Below are the horses in larger lettering, and the small names to the right are the jockeys, the numbers below being the weights at which they ride. To the left are the betting odds that the office gives, and the small figures above the horses' names represent the odds at the track at two stages of the betting. The odds given in the diagram are merely for the sake of illustration, the differences varying somewhat at the pool-rooms. The unit of the race-track is one dollar. In the column furthest to the left are the odds for first place. For example, the pool-room men bet $5 to $1 that Bluff will not win, 2 to 1 that he will be neither first nor second, and even money that he will not finish first, second, or third, the second column representing odds for second place, and the third column third place. If there are less than six horses, there is no 1—2—3 betting. Actual, being the "favorite" in the race, is not quoted for third, and in order to bet on him for second place, $5 must be put up to win $3; for first the odds are 8 to 5. After studying this board, the bettor goes to the window marked "Commissions." Not less than $2 is accepted, and that amount is placed on Bluff for "place," plus ten cents commission in order to comply with the letter of the pool law. A ticket similar to the following is handed out, and the bet recorded:

694 NIP & TUCK
3 & 5 FIRST PLACE
P
PATENTED, 1887.
When countersigned by me or my agent ... of issue I agree to transmit the sum of $.................. to .... Race Track and follow the instructions of sender.
In the event of delay or accident, not due to my negligence, I shall be responsible for amount deposited only.
COMMISSION CHARGE, TEN CENTS.

This ticket is stamped with the agent's name, bearing the date of issue, and "Commissions Paid." The man who has made the bet then writes across the face of it the name of the horse and the odds wagered. If the supposititious man above referred to desires to wager another $2 on Time for third place, he goes to the next window, and depositing his money, receives in exchange a ticket similar to the following:



He marks on the back of this ticket also the horse and odds, and then awaits developments. These tickets are elaborately engraved by the American Bank Note Company, and printed in colors in order to prevent forgery. Before long the betting at Saratoga stops as the horses go to the post, and the race is marked "closed" on the board; but bets can still be made until the horses are off. Behind the office partition is a telegraph instrument and attendant, the wire leading direct to the race-track. As soon as the horses are "off," an electric bell rings, the betting odds are rubbed out, the crowd shows signs of suppressed excitement, and the announcer prepares to give details of the race.

"All off together," comes the shout, followed by an intense silence, only broken by the ticking of the telegraph instrument.

"Giddy leads," says the telegraph agent. "Giddy leads," shouts the announcer, who has a voice made on purpose to be heard. "By a neck," comes from inside. "By a neck," is the fierce echo for the benefit of the crowd. "Time, second; Cicero, third, neck and neck with Actual," follows; and so it goes all through the race, the echo being heard by all. "Time leads at the quarter"—tick, tick, tick—"Giddy, second"—tick, tick. The man who may win $6 on Time begins to get nervous. "Actual, third"—tick, tick—"Time at the half"—tick—"Giddy, second"—tick, tick—"Actual and Bluff close up"—tick, tick. The gentleman who was so delighted at hearing from Time now jumps as his second horse is mentioned. "Time and Bluff neck and neck at the three-quarters." The man with both tickets begins to grin. "Actual, second; Giddy, third"—tick, tick. "*At* the mile. Actual leads; Bluff, second; Giddy, third." The grin has disappeared from the man's face; he wonders where Time is. "*In* the stretch. Actual leads; Giddy, second; others close up"—tick, tick. The silence is penetrating now. The man who lost his grin a moment before begins now to scowl. "Actual wins," comes the cry, and the name of Actual is encircled with red chalk. "Giddy, second," marked on the board. "Cicero, third." There is a bustle in the crowd. Those holding winning tickets form a line against the wall, black with the thousands of dirty shoulders that have pressed against it, and wait for the race to be verified from the track and the cashier to open his window. Mr. Man, however, who bet on Time and Bluff, is disconsolate, the picture of utter woe. He tears up his tickets dejectedly, and walks slowly out—it was his last $4.

So are the races run, and the same scenes often repeated a dozen times a day. Men, and sometimes mere boys, squander their last cent, and go forth miserable and unhappy. They may win for a time, but it is an old saying among horse-racing men that if an outsider sticks to it he is sure to lose all his money sooner or later. It is generally a matter of blind luck *vs.* science, and the book-makers prove that science is bound to come out ahead. They win $100 from Peter to pay Paul $5, and then take Paul's $100 to pay Tom, Dick, or Harry $10. That is the way it goes. The pool-rooms seem to be run on "the square," to be technical, and if a man picks out the winner, he gets his money, so far as my personal observation goes, but the odds are practically against him. The character of the pool-rooms is regulated by the neighborhood and the character of the *habitués*. The rough, ragged, and dirty element are to be found in all. The well-dressed man is to be found only in certain rooms, especially those near the exchanges. These pool-rooms are under the protection of the law, the book-makers being supposed to forward the money to the race-track, and place for their patron for ten cents commission. They collect the commission—obey the letter of the law—but it is ridiculous to suppose that the money is placed at the track. The men in the office are the only men you have dealings with, and the only men concerned in the transaction. Some outsiders tell stories of large winnings, but others, who are never heard of, lose their all, and families suffer because of the rooms. Some men have not the time or the money to go to the tracks, but the pool-room affords them ample opportunity to lose the little they possess.

Human nature is strongly portrayed in these places. Humor sometimes is found. Some horses are burdened with such strange inappropriate names that it is a wonder they are ever able to run a mile. Public, famous, and historic names are drawn upon to designate the horses. Pet names, Indian names, and unpronounceable combinations of letters are called into service. The English dictionary is used, and sometimes it seems as though the owners had searched the Sanskrit of the Mahâbhârata to find some sort of appellation. Some ordinary names are funny under certain conditions, as when the announcer calls out: "Headlight leads." "India-rubber in the stretch." The latter is an old, old joke with horsemen, but it never fails to arouse a laugh when the horse really leads. A very funny incident happened during the present season. Two horses with similar names were in one race. Stonenell and Stonemason were the two, and on one (I forget which) were "long odds," while the other was a "short horse." Stonenell, for example, was 8 to 5, while Stonemason was 20 to 1 to win. A young man at the pool-rooms put up four dollars on Stonemason, having a faint, very faint, chance to win eighty dollars. The race was run, Stonenell in the lead all the time, Stonemason not heard from. At the finish, however, the man called out, "Stonemason wins." The young man with the ticket was simply enraptured. Without waiting for verification from the race-track, he invited a friend out to celebrate the luck. While the young man was absent word was received over the wire that the operator had made a mistake, and that Stonenell had won. The change was made on the board, and the returns having been made straight, the tickets were paid. At this juncture the happy youth returned and looked up at the board, and nearly collapsed.

"What's the matter?" asked his friend.

"Matter!" he cried. "Don't you see? Stonemason wasn't in it. I didn't think he would win; but after the race was announced, with Stonemason winner, I spent every single cent I had in celebrating;" and he went forth broken in heart and pocket.

That is the way that nearly everybody goes out of the pool-room if they tempt fortune long enough.

PERSONAL.

THE first New York daily newspaper to issue a Sunday edition was the *Herald*, and, according to Mr. ROBERT BONNER, the innovation was due to an accident. One Saturday the *Herald's* galleys, on which the set-up type is held in readiness for making up into pages, were filled with left-over matter which had been crowded out of the Saturday paper, and Mr. BENNETT said to his foreman, "Let's get up a Sunday issue. Use the old matter, and put in a few fresh things." This happened shortly before the outbreak of the war, and as the publication of a Sunday newspaper was at that time considered disreputable, the other dailies did not follow the *Herald's* example until the beginning of hostilities created an eager demand for news from the front.

—ADLAI E. STEVENSON was a member of that famous class, among the other members of which were Justice HARLAN, Senator BLACKBURN, Senator VEST, and Governors B. GRATZ BROWN and THOMAS I. CRITTENDEN, of Missouri, which was graduated in 1849 from the little school kept by B. B. SAYRE in Frankfort, Kentucky. From there they all went to Centre College, at Danville, Kentucky, to study law. Mr. STEVENSON is remembered by a schoolmate as a quiet and dignified boy who held aloof from his comrades, and seemed to prefer solitude to other companionship. The new Vice-President-elect is said to have more cousins than any other man in public life. He is a descendant of a very old and very prolific family, and has relatives in nearly every State in the Union.

—During his four years' occupancy of the White House Mr. HARRISON received a salary of $200,000, and it is computed that of that amount he spent only $94,000 in living and general expenses, including the purchase of his Cape May cottage. If these figures, which are from a Republican source, are correct, the President will return to Indianapolis richer by $106,000 than when he left that city for Washington.

—JOHN A. MORRIS, the Louisiana "lottery king," to whom New York is indebted for one of its finest race-tracks, has a country estate in Tangipahoa Parish, in Louisiana, which is described as literally a sportsman's paradise. It embraces six hundred acres of woodland, in which are preserved hundreds of deer and bears, and numberless coveys of game birds, while the four lakes on the place are black with mallard ducks. In the middle of the estate Mr. MORRIS has built a handsome hunter's home, which is filled at various times with house parties of intimate friends. As an indication of the wildness of the life there, it is related that the laborers employed on the place killed three thousand snakes and alligators last summer.

—HALL CAINE, the novelist, who writes so graphically of Manx peasants, lives almost as simple a life as that of the characters he portrays. At his picturesque home in the mountains, Mrs. CAINE does her own milking, churning, and cheese-making, and attends to the other duties of a country homestead, while the novelist himself affects the peasant's dress. He is a man of delicate physique, with a head and face that show a very striking resemblance to the portraits of SHAKESPEARE.

—In the last number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, in the article on the "New West Point," it was stated that J. D. HUNTER, Jun., had designed the Battle Monument of which MCKIM, MEAD, & WHITE are the architects. This is an error, the designer of the monument being STANFORD WHITE himself. Mr. WHITE'S Battle Monument is as fine and strikingly appropriate a piece of work as is his Memorial Arch and the Madison Square Garden in this city.

—When Miss ELEANOR CALHOUN sailed for England on the *City of Paris*, a few days ago, it was to join COQUELIN as the leading lady in the new plays that famous actor has added to his repertoire for this season. Miss CALHOUN has previously been a member of COQUELIN'S company, and is probably the only American actress who ever learned French well enough to be mistaken by an audience for a native French woman, as she was. She is a descendant of JOHN C. CALHOUN, and her finished style of acting has given her an enviable pre-eminence in her profession in England as well as on the Continent. Like SIBYL SANDERSON, the prima donna, she is one of the numerous California women who have left here in recent years to grow celebrated elsewhere.

—Mr. WILLIAM POTTER, who succeeds ex-Governor ALBERT G. PORTER as minister to Italy, is a man of great prominence in business and society in Philadelphia. He is forty-two years old, wealthy, cultivated, and popular, and a graceful public speaker. He has had some previous experience with diplomacy, as President HARRISON two years ago appointed him a special commissioner to visit London, Paris, and Berlin, and negotiate a more convenient system of sea post-offices. In the following year he was sent as delegate to the Fourth Congress of the Universal Postal Union, held in Vienna, and signed the new postal treaty arranged there. Mr. POTTER has been very active in Republican politics in Pennsylvania, and is one of the best known of the younger party leaders in that State.

RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

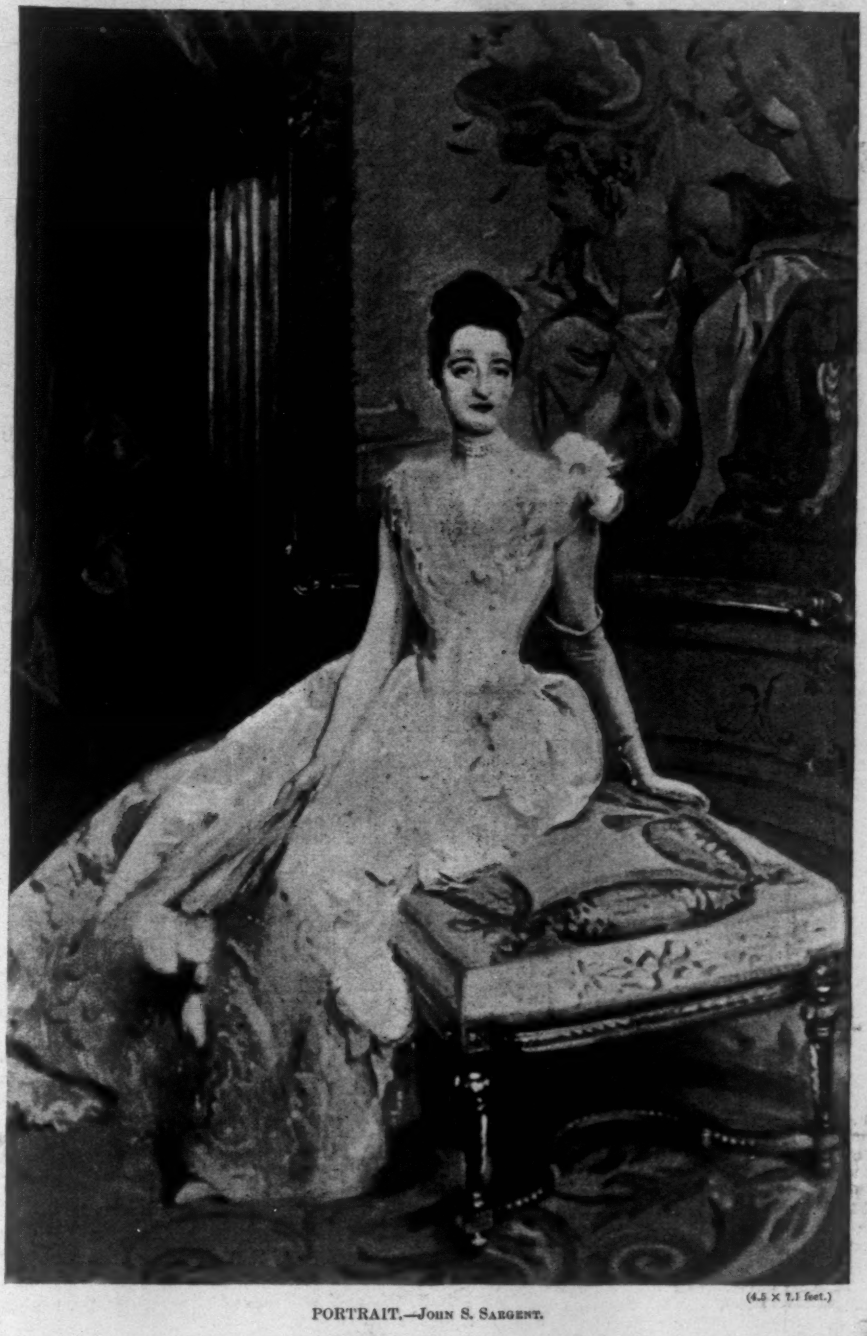
THIS month the Society of American Artists rests a gloved hand across an expansive shirt front and bows to many congratulations. The occasion is its first reception and exhibition of pictures in its new quarters. For fifteen years it has been seeking a resting-place for the sole of its foot, or, to speak more literally, a home with galleries adequate for exhibition purposes. It has found it at last. In alliance with the Architectural League and the Art Students' League, it has erected the handsome Fine Arts Building, where it is now spaciously and permanently housed, with every facility at hand to aid future advancement. It has achieved financial success—a rare matter in the fine arts, and rarer still when achieved, as this has been, without a sacrifice of art itself.

The success of the society is not financial alone. Artistically it has won position and respect, and that, too, in the face of many difficulties. There were handsome sneers from the conservative and commiserating pooh-poohs from the established when the society first started, but there has been a wonderful change of opinion since then. That inherent prejudice against a new view or method because it is not the old view or method has been overcome. Logical argument could not and did not do it. The persistent and varied presentation of the point of view—the impression—has at last brought about a new way of looking at things, and people now see that the technical force and the progressive modern spirit in our art rest with the Society of American Artists. It has attained the leadership, and, judging from this Retrospective Exhibition, incomplete as it is, it is certainly entitled to that position.

No one would claim that the art shown by the society is perfection, but the art of no organization or society here or elsewhere can surpass it. It is not the final word in painting or sculpture, by any means; but if these fifteen years of endeavor are earnest of the future, there is no need for further periodical wails over the state of American art. The advance has been phenomenal. In fact, the fear has been that the pace was too rapid; and yet there is a temperance, a seriousness, underlying the work of the society that make for substantial growth. In portraits, for instance, what could be more serious than Mr. Thayer's "Brother and Sister"? They look out of the canvas with a sober, half-sad expression, and the boy leaning against his sister seems rather tired of standing for his picture, but how straightforward and honest they look! There is a childlike earnestness about them that somehow reminds one of the playing angels of Carpaccio. And how honest and straightforward the painter has been in his presentation! A little unnecessary thumbing and fumbling of surfaces, perhaps, but in composition simple, in modelling forceful, and in color unobtrusive. For fear of detracting from the portraits, perhaps, the color has been cast in rather a sombre scale, but that is a commendable fault, if fault it be.

There is such an effort nowadays in portraiture to make something brilliant by dashing schemes of color or the clever handling of conflicting lights that oftentimes the personality of the sitter is lost in the prismatic setting. Because M. Carolus Duran and his more brilliant pupil, Mr. Sargent, can make a portrait and a piece of color at one and the same time, seems warrant enough for many of the less talented attempting the same thing. But the result is not always satisfactory, and even with Mr. Sargent one feels uneasy at times with the fear that he is going too far, that he is sacrificing his sitter to his own personality as expressed in the verve of the brush or a captivating harmony of color. True enough, he seldom does. Somewhat of the Paolo Veronese cast of mind, in this one respect at least, he carries a picture to a climacteric point, and yet pauses before the *bizarre* is reached. His portrait of a lady (No. 275) in this exhibition is a good illustration of this.

Largely conceived and largely painted, it pictorially strikes



(4.5 × 7.1 feet.)

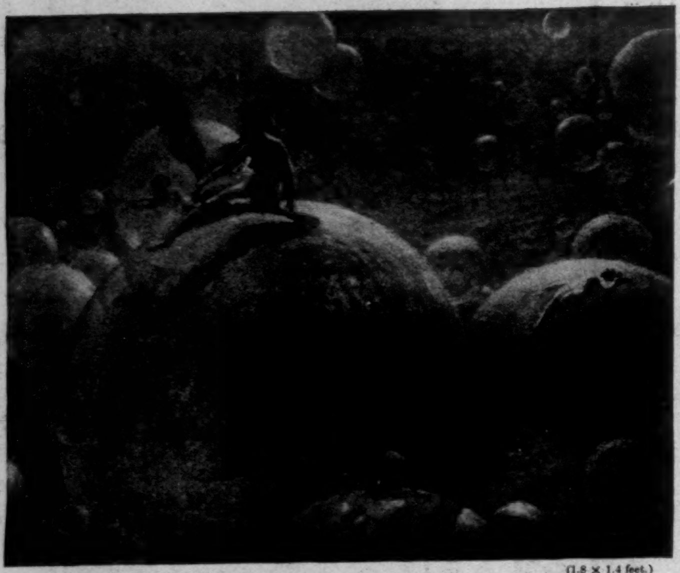
PORTRAIT.—JOHN S. SARGENT.

(3 × 4 feet.)

MEMORIES.—IRVING R. WILES.

(3.1 × 2 feet.)

CHRISTMAS TREE.—J. ALDEN WEIR.

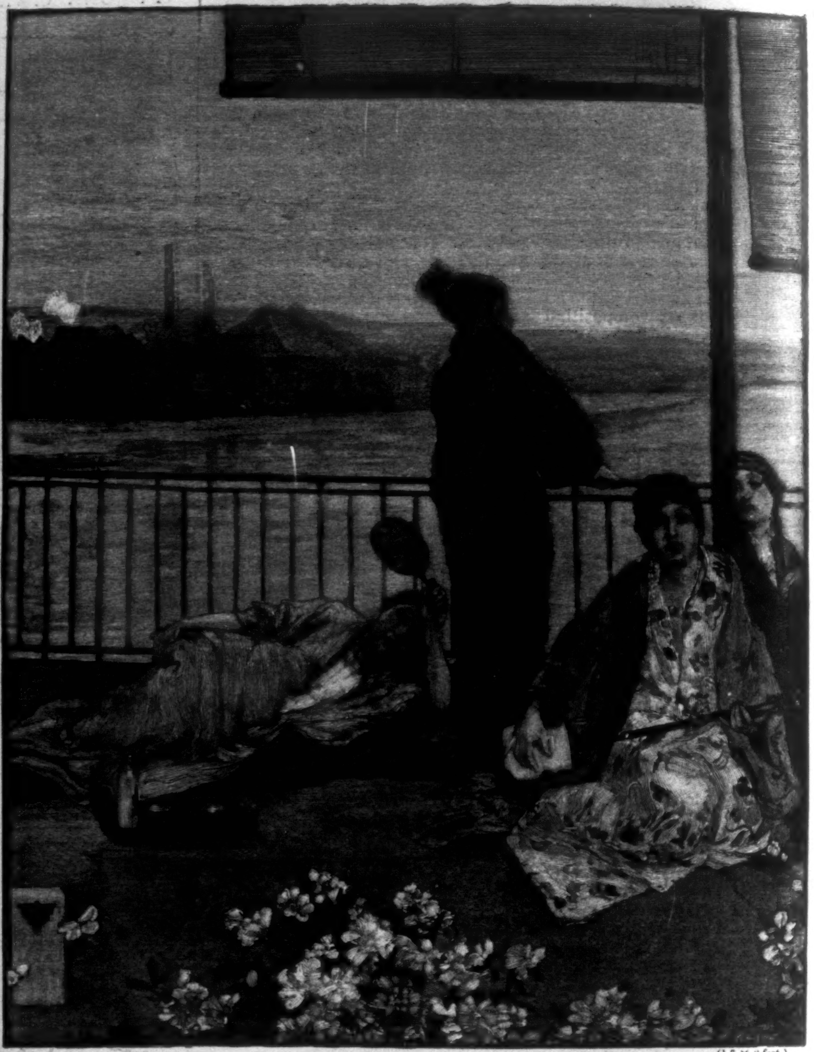


(1.8 × 1.4 feet.)

A DREAM.—Charles C. Curran.

(1.9 × 1.3 feet.)

MICHAELMAS DAISIES.—F. D. Millet. (By Permission of Anson R. Flower.)



(1.7 × 2 feet.)

VARIATIONS IN FLESH-COLOR AND GREEN—THE BALCONY.—James McNeil Whistler. (By Permission of C. L. Freer.)

one as a centre of white surrounded by a splendid bouquet of reds, yellows, and grays. In its composition, in its unity, it is rather a remarkable picture. There is a quality of what the artists would call "bigness"—in the sense of breadth of view and method—about it that shows the work of a master. Then, too, in execution the picture has all that sureness of the brush as shown in line, modelling, and textures which Mr. Sargent so much delights in displaying, and which so effectively discloses his own personality. One might naturally think that such features in a portrait would rather detract from the importance of the sitter, but in reality they do not. Even the gorgeous accessories, the silks, hangings, and tapestries, are pertinent to the sitter, who, if we may judge from the costume, is a woman in society. They are the natural surroundings of such a person, and help render the character as much as facial lines. In fact, Mr. Sargent has scored another brilliant success, and is perhaps to be congratulated the more since with such a picture a brilliant failure could have been so very easily brought about.

In quite a different vein is Mr. Beckwith's portrait of "Mr. Isaacson," a gentleman who needs no titular explanation of his ancestry, since it shows all over him, even down to the well-modelled fingers. There is a touch of humor about the work—the humor of restful self-satisfaction and complacent outer view—that is not inappropriate. Here the force of the art is expended upon giving the characteristic portrait. The color and composition are both simple, and the brush-work is not ostentatious. Nevertheless, it is the work of a strong and knowing hand, a conservative hand that always produces a highly respectable portrait, and, when so inclined, a brilliant picture, as the visitor at the galleries may see for himself in the "Portrait of Miss H." (No. 15).

The work of Mr. Dewing offers another contrast. He has a sense for decora-

(2.4 × 3 feet.)

BROTHER AND SISTER.—Abbott H. Thayer. (By Permission of Arthur A. Carey.)

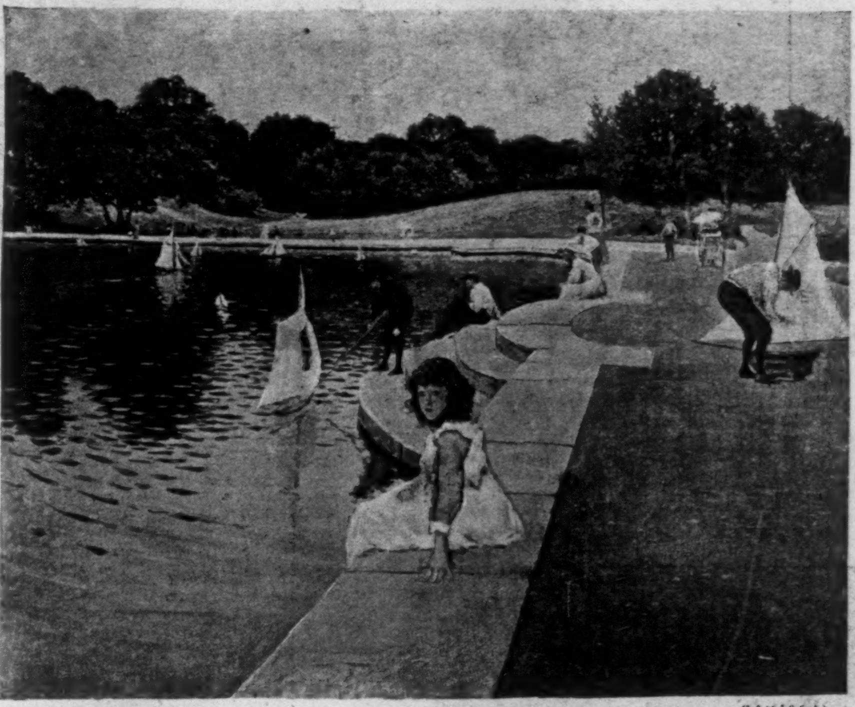
(2.3 × 1.11 feet.)

POTTERY MARKET AT NUREMBERG.—Louis C. Tiffany.

(2 × 3.7 feet.)

MARRIAGE.—J. GARI MELCHERS. (By Permission of Potter Palmer.)

CHRISTMAS BELLS (FRAGMENT).—E. H. BLASHFIELD.



(1.6 × 1.9 feet.)

LILLIPUTIAN-BOAT LAKE, CENTRAL PARK.—WILLIAM M. CHASE.

tive color and a refinement of feeling which he applies to portraiture with a charming result. His canvases are small, the figures correspondingly so, and he is perhaps happier with the single figure placed against a purely decorative ground than with several figures. A "Lady in Yellow," shown some years ago, indicated his taste and his achievement, and his "Lady in Pink" and "Girl in Blue" are substantially the same taste and hand working in different color schemes. The "Girl in Blue" is what its title implies, a blue dress carried against a slightly varied blue ground, with the result not of monotone, but of color-tone. It makes very strongly for decoration, and yet stands as portraiture. The girl, a pert-looking débutante in evening dress, is evidently intended for a portrait, and the dress, the pose, the look, the delicacy of the drawing and coloring, all bear out a feeling of refinement characteristic of all Mr. Dewing's figures. One may not quite fancy the coldness of the reflections, but that is a matter of taste, not of truth. Decorative color is something we like or dislike, and whether it is true or false to nature is not of vital importance.

If one should pin down Mr. Whistler to the truth of nature, or even the truth of probability, his sole contribution to this exhibition would scarcely pass muster. Some figures dressed in Japanese gowns, and presumably intended to represent Japanese women lying along a London bridge balcony, with an English or American factory-town background half lost in twilight—such is the inconsistency presented. Yet Mr. Whistler cares not a rap about consistency or probability, or historic truth, or even definite meaning. He believes that art is a matter of form or color, and that illustration and the use of form and color to convey an idea are

(7 × 5.5 feet.)

THE TRIO.—HERBERT DENMAN.

(1.2 × 1.6 feet.)

GIRL IN BLUE.—THOMAS W. DEWING.

merely the antiquated "leather and prunello" of the craft. Color is not with him a means, but an end in itself. Instead of using his Japanese characters as human beings, he hands them out to us as spots of color, and asks us to admire his "Variations in Flesh-Color and Green." And we admire, but with certain reservations. The harmony is delightful, the values and relations of the colors excellent, the atmospheric effect quite faultless. There is no need to quarrel about the point of view or the manner of its rendering; yet one may be pardoned for thinking that this is not the only point of view, and that there is something more to art than "variations" in color and shrewdness in the perception of values.

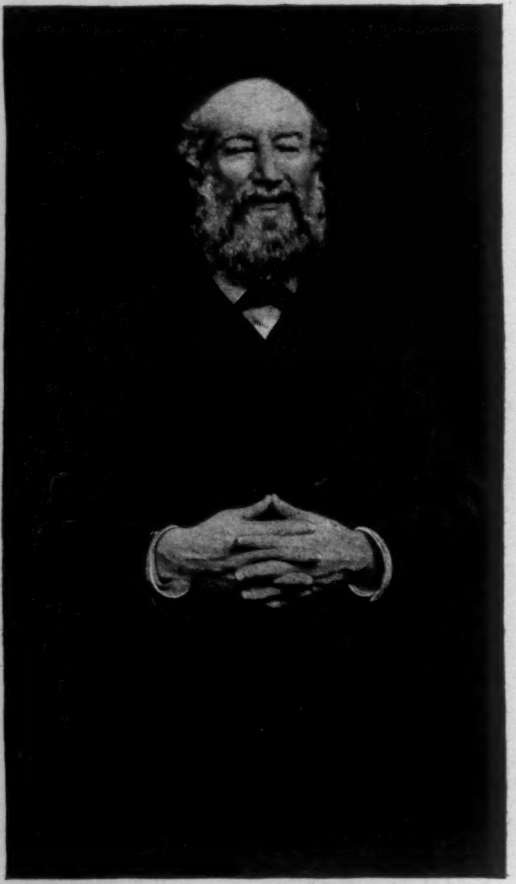
We have color and values and light and air in Mr. Melchers's "Marriage"; there are "variations" in flesh-color too, and a very keen perception of all the material conditions; but there is something more. There is a coherent thought, or, at the least, a definite presentation, of a scene from peasant life that has a pictorial meaning aside from the art means used. This young man and his bride standing near a church window, she bowing, he reverently looking up, have a sense of the solemnity of the occasion that is almost pathetic in its intensity. The absolute truth of characterization that Mr. Melchers has put in these figures—the humility, the wonderment, the simplicity, the trust in God—is extraordinary in its force. And it is all told in a beautiful manner, from the finely modelled head of the young man to the light and color coming through cathedral glass. To be sure, there are pictures more dashy and clever than this, there are more *bravura* in some and more fatal facility in others, but for sincerity, for candid statement of truth, there is nothing superior to it in this exhibition.

(1 5 × 3 feet.)

THE SIBYL.—F. S. CHURCH. (By Permission of W. H. Payne.)

(6.6 × 9.9 feet.)

WASHED ASHORE.—C. S. REINHART.



(2.4 × 3.10 feet.)

PORTRAIT OF MR. ISAACSON.—J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

A large picture by Mr. Wiles, called "Memories," showing an interior with two figures at the piano, and a *triste*-looking damsel in blue in the foreground, gives us another kind of a thought in painting, and one that is not always pictorial.

For once the story is not objectionable—in fact, it harmonizes with the picturesque, and makes something rather pathetic in sentiment and very vivid in its sense of reality. Mr. Curran, with his peculiarly limpid brush-work, shows his methods and aims to advantage in some half-dozen canvases. In such scenes as the "Winter Morning in a Barn-yard" he is minutely realistic of the commonplace with smooth porcelain surfaces that find more favor with the populace than with the brotherhood of painters. In his "Dream" he handles a broader brush, and in subject is decidedly fantastic. It represents a number of soap-bubbles floating in space, like mimic worlds, on which recline small nude figures. The theme was evidently chosen for the play of rainbowlike hues, and very beautifully these are given. As a decorative spot on the wall it is quite charming, and there is something very nice about the lightness of the bubbles, their transparency, and the way they hold relative position in the picture. Another fanciful canvas is the "Sibyl," by Mr. Church, showing a young girl at a table contemplating a mummy's head, which she holds in her hands. Mr. Blashfield's very large decorative canvas "Christmas Bells" may be placed in the same category. The three substantial angels ringing the great bronze bells in the church tower are given with a good deal of swing and action; and though the color is a trifle pallid, it is doubtless true to the cold light of Christmas morning. To descend from church towers and the fanciful, we have a dash of the real in Mr. Low's classic figures; more of it in Mr. Tiffany's market scenes and Mr. Millet's interiors; still more of it in Mr. Weir's "Christmas Tree," with its candle-light effect; and in Mr. Denman's "Trio," a large, well-managed canvas, with three graceful women playing on musical instruments—a study in red.

The president of the society, Mr. Chase, is nothing if not realistic, and yet in no prosaic or commonplace way. Whatever his subjects—and there is a variety of them here—one always feels the dash and crispness of his vivacious style. Perhaps none of his pictures shows this more strikingly than his Central Park landscape, showing children on the stone edging of a lake sailing toy boats. A gray day, a slight breeze to put "snap" into the trees and water, and the white clothing of children for catch-points of color—and that is about all. But it is enough to make up an admirable quality of art, and to teach us anew that often the beauty of the thing painted lies in the painter's eye. Thousands have seen this very lake in Central Park, but it may be doubted if any one of the thousands ever saw it quite so charmingly as Mr. Chase. The very fact that he saw it differently from other people is the best of reasons for his painting it. After all, the definition of art by Henry James, as applied to modern work, comes pretty near the mark: "Art is a point of view, and genius but a way of looking at things."

No notice of this exhibition would be complete—this is not—that omitted mention of the fine works of La Farge, Cox, Martin, Tryon, Simmons, Twachtman, and others. The number of good pictures is really too large for individual mention. That is something that could not be truthfully said of our exhibitions in the past, and is further reason for thinking that this is the most notable collection of American pictures ever exhibited in this country. It marks the beginning of a reign of new art ideas and methods.

There is a remarkably fine lot of prints loaned by Mr. George Vanderbilt exhibited in the three small galleries, and several pieces of sculpture, notably Mr. French's "Death and the Sculptor," Mr. St. Gaudens's "General Sherman," Mr. Warner's "J. Alden Weir," and Mr. Martigny's portrait of a child, that should not be passed by unnoticed.

A MEMORIAL OF MR. CURTIS.

The regard in which the memory of Mr. Curtis is held by the people of Staten Island, among whom he lived and moved, is amply testified to in a substantial manner. The people who knew Mr. Curtis will ever remember him as a type of both man and scholar, and though to the younger generation he may be but a dim memory of the past, yet the thought of him will be associated with the school days of many coming men and women. A public school in West New Brighton is now known as the Curtis School, and another institute of learning is to erect a charming memorial to him.

The Staten Island Academy, founded in 1884, and attended by the boys and girls from all parts of the island, was ever an object of interest and sympathy with Mr. Curtis from the time of its inception. Outgrowing its present and original quarters at Stapleton, a new building has been made necessary, and in connection with this will be the Curtis Memorial Hall. The academy will be situated at New Brighton, the central point along the east and north shores of the island. The building is to be fashioned after the Tudor style, the school-rooms occupying the central main portion, which is to be flanked on either side by projecting wings. The west wing constitutes a great lyceum, and this is to be known as the Curtis Memorial. It is connected with the school, but can be shut off and put to separate use, having two outside entrances. The interior will contain the necessary dressing or reception rooms, and about the hall a balcony is to be built. A large gymnasium and cloak and recreation rooms for boys will be in the basement. The opposite wing to the Curtis Hall is to be used for the Arthur Winter Memorial Library, founded in 1886 by Mr. William Winter, the poet and scholar, and his wife, in memory of their son. Mr. Winter is the president of the Board of Trustees of the academy, and his association for many years with Mr. Curtis makes these memorials of love peculiarly appropriate.

WHY THE CORPORAL NEVER CAME BACK.

A Christmas Story.

BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.

"It's —— hard luck!" growled the Corporal, as he settled the saddle on his horse's back, and cinched it tight by the dim light of the lantern held by the sergeant of the stable guard. "Of all days in the whole bloomin' year, when me and Mary had laid all our plans for the kid's Christmas, God bless him! A soldier 'ain't got no call to get married, anyhow. So, whoa, Pet! you'll have work enough before night, for the old man says we'll have to catch L Troop by the time the boys go into camp. Jim, you go off guard this morning. Won't you stop at the shack when you're in town and tell Mary she and the kid 'll have to eat Christmas pie by themselves? And bully mince pies them are of Mary's, too. Eat some for me, Jim, and cheer the old girl up a bit. Well, so long!"

The trumpets were sounding merrily, and the quick martial reveille gave glad greeting to the dawn of Christmas day, as the Corporal rode out from the post. The soldier turned in the saddle for a moment, looking longingly back beyond the buildings of the garrison towards the dark mass of houses of the little frontier town lying in the valley behind him, where the smoke of early fires, misty blue against the morning sky, rose straight up in the still air. There, in a little house on the edge of the settlement, was the Corporal's humble home; there Mary and his one little child were already awake, looking forward to the coming of husband and father and the Christmas feast, so much talked about and for which such grand preparations had been made. Only a day or two ago the package of toys from the East had arrived, and the Corporal and his wife, as they unpacked the parcel, and exposed the treasures it contained to admiring friends, had revelled in joyful anticipation of the delight of the little one at the wonderful things Santa Claus brings to all good little boys at the merry Christmas-time.

And now, without warning, the hard exigencies of his service had called the soldier away. A "good man and true" was required for instant duty, and the Corporal had been aroused from his cot in barracks and ordered to ride hard with despatches for the commanding officer of a detachment which had left the post on a scout a day or so before. Everything had been so quiet for months past that no one dreamed of summons to take the field, and even now it was only the breaking away of half a dozen restless, thieving bucks from the reservation some miles distant that had caused troops to be sent out to head them off and prevent mischief.

With a sigh of disappointment and regret, and a parting wave of his hand towards the town, the cavalryman touched his horse lightly with his spurred boot heel, and in an easy canter started down the slope on his long and dreary ride. The winter so far had been very mild in this far Southwestern region. A light powdering of snow whitened the wide plains stretching away before the Corporal to the distant rolling hills, dotted here and there with black masses of volcanic rock, and to the dark mountain ranges bordering the horizon. Up came the sun, glowing rosy red, casting long blue shadows from every bit of bunch-grass, from every twig that protruded above the smooth snowy surface, and gilding the crests of the mounds with a sheen of golden glory. It was a grand morning for a ride, and as they moved onward, horse and man quickened with renewed vigor in the bracing atmosphere. Though bitter the Corporal's disappointment, long habits of passive obedience to the orders of his superiors had made somewhat of a philosopher of him, and, as mile after mile of the journey was laid behind them, his spirits rose, and he pictured to himself the joy of the meeting when, his task accomplished, he would once more be with his loved ones.

On he rode, now following the windings of some coúlee, now loping over smooth-rounded buttes, where the wind had blown away the snow, exposing the wide, rough, deep-rutted trail he was following. Here a stream was crossed, the thin coating of ice on the edges cracking and breaking under the horse's hoofs; then, scrambling up the steep bank on the opposite side, on they sped over some smooth plateau. Far above, a hawk circled; occasionally a jack-rabbit would scurry away like a flash, scattering the light snow in little smoke-like puffs under its flying feet. Good cavalry soldier that he was, the Corporal would halt once every hour or so to shift the heavy saddle, and to let his four-footed companion browse for a moment on the tops of such bunches of withered brown grass as came within his reach. Then to horse again, and away for another stretch on the road. Hour after hour passed; a gray mist gathered over the sky, shutting in the sun. Wild and desolate, scarred and seamed by gully and cañon, and strewn with rock and bowlder, the foot-hills now rose on every side, and the trail grew more and more indistinct, here entirely lost under the snow, then showing for a short distance on some steep hill-side.

Intent only on accomplishing his mission, the Corporal pushed gallantly onward, until, his journey already half made, he pulled up by a little pool, and made hasty preparations for the noonday meal. Secured by the long picket rope, with loosened girth, and heavy bit slipped from his mouth, his horse was soon crunching the grain spread before him from the canvas nose-bag, while a few twigs gathered near at hand furnished a small fire to heat the coffee from the Corporal's canteen. Save for their presence, no sign of life broke the solitude of the wilderness, and no thought of danger disturbed the brave fellow's mind as, sitting there by the fire, he looked long and lovingly at the portrait of a little child, which he brought forth from the inner pocket of his great-coat.

Is there nothing to give him warning? Rouse, Corporal, rouse! Look about you, man! Danger is near, horribly near! Danger in those dark forms lying motionless as the black rocks about them, in the glitter of the savage eyes that have been watching the approach of the hated white man for an hour past!

"Well, kid, this ain't exactly the kind of Christmas dinner we thought we was to have, is it, you little rascal? Anyway, I'm going to have a reminder of you, and your picture is to sit on them there stones while your daddy eats his dinner. Lord! Lord! but I did want to see that youngster when he found what Santy Claus brought this morning!" And something blurs the Corporal's eyesight, and he chokes as he swallows his hardtack.

Rouse, Corporal, rouse! Look about you, man! The dark forms by the black rocks are moving, slowly gliding, like snakes, nearer and nearer, but not a sound breaks the silence of winter brooding over the land, a silence as if of death.

"And Mary, too! She ain't a-going to have that brooch till I get back again. It's a dandy, and I wouldn't miss seeing the old girl wearing it for the first time for a colonel's commission—and don't you forget it! Lord! how I wish I was with them now! Darned if that picture don't look as if the dear little cuss was smiling at me! Are you thinking of your daddy, old fellow? Well, here's to you, Mary! here's to you, kid! God bless you, and a merry Christmas!"

Corporal! Corporal! for the sake of all that life holds dear to you! Up, man, up! . . . The sharp, vicious crack of a rifle, "one lightning stroke of agony," the wild exultant yell of savage triumph, and then—the silence of winter brooding over the land. Poor Mary! poor little kid!

SEPARATION.

If it were land, oh, weary feet could travel;
  If it were sea, a ship might cleave the wave;
If it were death, sad love could look to Heaven,
  And see through tears the sunlight on the grave.
Not land or sea or death keeps us apart,
  But only thou, oh, unforgiving heart!

If it were land, through piercing thorns I'd travel;
  If it were sea, I'd cross to thee or die;
If it were death, I'd tear life's veil asunder
  That I might see thee with a clearer eye.
Ah! none of these could keep our souls apart.
  Forget, forgive, oh, unforgiving heart!

N. M. P.

FRED LESLIE.

BY CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS.

The death of Fred Leslie, the comedian, in London last week, meant a great many different things to a great number of different people.

To the average American theatre-goer it meant the loss of a prince of entertainers; to the stolid London play-goer it meant that there was an opening for a new comedian in the Gaiety burlesques, a position to be gained only by years of labor and excessive natural comic ability; but to those who knew well the ambitions and capabilities of this man it meant the irreparable loss of an unfulfilled promise. In the midst of praises of his acting in the burlesques of *Monte Cristo* and *Miss Esmeralda*, I once spoke to him of his legitimate comedy work in *Madame Favart*. "Ah!" he said, "then you have seen me act," and then went on to say how burlesque had been forced upon him, and how he regarded it only as a means to an end, and how, when he had gained the confidence and fortune sufficient for the change, he would drop this fooling, and try to gain fresh and more lasting honors in a profession which he honored above all others. In less than a year he would have fulfilled his ambition, which makes his death seem so much more hard, especially for those who knew how strong was this ambition in him.

And so the name of Leslie will be known to the history of the stage only as that of a burlesque comedian of extraordinary parts. Leslie was one of those very few men at whose first birthday all the good fairies gather and give something. They gave him good looks and gentleness of manner, they gave him the broad shoulders of an athlete and the exquisite lightness and grace of a woman, a voice full of feeling and pathos at times, and with it the power to mimic the voice of any other man or woman, or the singing of birds, or the tuning of a violin, and to all of these lesser things they added a quick intelligence, and a wonderful sense of humor, or of the ridiculous, rather, and absolute ease and self-confidence. He was one of the most attractive of men to both men and women that have appeared upon the stage for the last twenty years, and his sudden death produced a queer feeling of absolute loss, a loss that was distinctly personal to all who heard of it and who had seen him, if only for a night—a loss that seemed unjust and unnecessary because it could not be replaced by any other man, no matter how clever or how well he might act or sing. It was that attribute which is called personal magnetism, for want of a better descriptive title, that makes the loss of Leslie the greater. In theatrical parlance, he was a "neat," clear-cut, and refined comedian. He enunciated so clearly, both when he spoke and sang, that each word reached every one in the house, bearing its proper meaning and shade of emphasis, and he understood as few actors do the value of "timing" what he had to say. His successes were the successes of burlesque and comic opera, but he could have played light comedy in a frock-coat or the old comedies in a white wig as gayly as Charles Wyndam or as gracefully as Henry Montague. The popularity which followed this latter young man to the grave was no less strong than that of Leslie's, and not so general. Montague was liked by well-bred people because he was himself well-bred, well-looking, and modest, and Leslie because he too was good to look at, and because he was audacious, bold, and quick, carrying you with him whether you would or no, and making you laugh *with* him and not at him.

Until the Gaiety company visited this country five years since, burlesque was practically unknown to the younger generation of theatre-goers. They had been made to believe that extravaganzas and farce-comedies were burlesques, which are about as much like the real art of burlesque as the tank-drama is to the comedies of Bisson. A burlesque, in the English sense of the word, is a play which ridicules those things which we take most seriously—which tears down an illusion, and makes us laugh where we have been taught to cry. Fred Leslie was a great burlesque actor because it was only the humorous side of life which seemed to appeal to him. The dark cloud was well enough for the rest of the world; his stand-point seemed to have been focussed on the silver lining. He went through his brief career kicking the world as a football before him. The world and its people were but playthings to him, and from them he took much pleasure, but he gave them good measure in return. Indeed, now that the account is settled up, I think it is the world that holds the balance. He has been known to talk in the same five minutes to a member of the English nobility, a cab-driver, and an ordinary American bore, and with the keenest interest and an equal amount of pleasure. Beyond the fact of being a gentleman, he had no regard for the ordinary *convenances* of society, and he has been known to rehearse a new song, in which imitations of various animals were introduced, while strolling arm in arm with a friend down Broadway.

Next to the ordinary passions to which his audiences were heirs, Leslie enjoyed burlesquing nothing so much as the traditions of his own art. Every one knows that somewhere in the left wing there stands a prompter with a book of the play, but Leslie made the prompter a very real person by asking him for his cues and suggestions. Leslie made his audience know in one way or another that thunder was a piece of sheet-iron, and that rain was made by dried pease being rolled up and down an oblong box. It was his delight to address authoritatively from the stage the gentleman in the flies who manipulates the sun and moon, and in the last play in which he appeared he spoiled a very dramatic curtain by offering to leave it to the audience if the man who had charge of the falling snow was not showing animus by throwing it in lumps at him, while he let it fall in white paper flakes over the heroine.

There is only one kind of flattery of genius which is more sincere than imitation, and that is the flattery which acknowledges genius and does not dare to imitate, as no writer since Shakespeare's time has attempted to describe the seven ages of man. Fred Leslie was not quick at repartee, and although the most creative of our comedians, he did not think or act on his thoughts quickly. When an idea came to him he took it home and cut it and polished it, and after much thought and rehearsal produced it. It may have been to play upon a harp with reed strings, or it may have been an imitation of a man going down a spiral staircase, but whatever it was it could be done no better, and that was, after all, Leslie's surest copyright.

When Lonnen came to this country, a year after Leslie had played in burlesque here, the dramatic critics naturally compared the work of the two men. To this adverse criticism Lonnen said, in his own defence, "It isn't fair to compare me or any other man to Leslie; he's not an actor—he's a wonder." He was a wonder; for no man of the London stage of to-day, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Irving, has held a place of such generous esteem, either at his home, or in his club, or on the stage, as Fred Leslie.

All the different classes of London society came to honor his memory at the dead actor's funeral, but I for one am glad that this last tribute was denied me. I am glad because I shall always wish to remember him as I saw him last summer on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre. Before him was the usually stolid English audience, with the tears of laughter in their eyes, and on either side of him stood Letty Lind and Sylvia Gray, and about him were Danby and Storey and all the others who had worked for years with him, and who, although always shadowed by his genius, yet loved the actor, and still more the man.

EPITAPH FOR A SAILOR BURIED ASHORE.

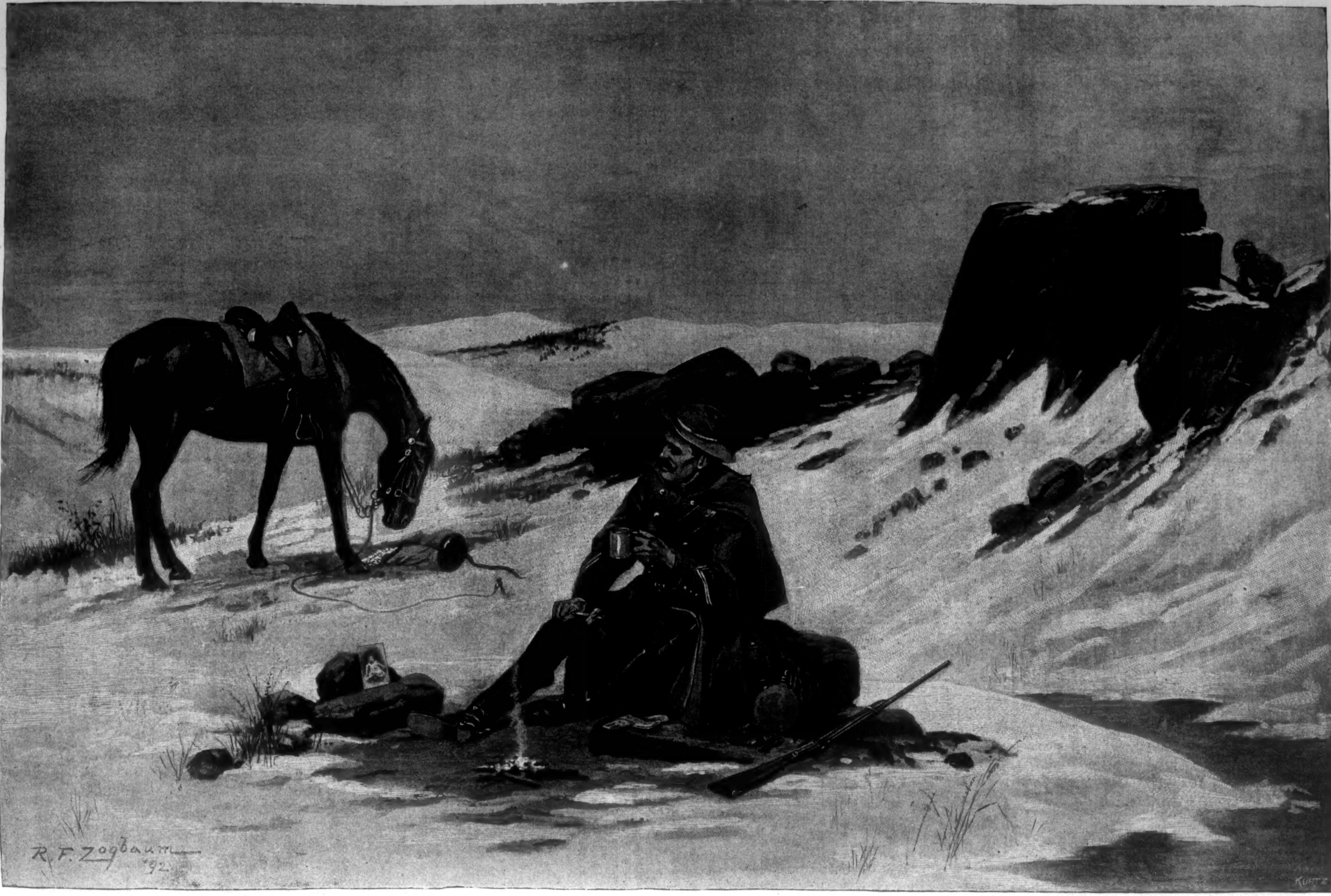
He who but yesterday would roam
  Careless as clouds and currents range,
In homeless wandering most at home,
  Inhabiter of change;

Who wooed the west to win the east,
  And named the stars of North and South,
And felt the zest of Freedom's feast
  Familiar in his mouth;

Who found a faith in stranger speech,
  And fellowship in foreign hands,
And had within his eager reach
  The relish of all lands—

How circumscribed a plot of earth
  Keeps now his restless footsteps still,
Whose wish was wide as ocean's girth,
  Whose will the water's will!

Charles G. D. Roberts.



THE CORPORAL'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 1215.]

FLAPJACKS.—After the Painting by F. S. Church in Possession of C. L. Freer.

Music and Drama

However Victorien Sardou may be classed by posterity as a dramatist, it can hardly be gainsaid that he is, according to present opinion, the foremost playwright and greatest master of stagecraft and dramatic effect now before the world. All of his plays with which American audiences are familiar are marked by great ingenuity and originality of construction, brilliancy of dialogue, vivid portrayal of character, absorbing interest, and strong dramatic climax. It is necessary at this time most strongly to emphasize these facts, as, were one to judge by the latest play from M. Sardou's pen, recently produced at the Lyceum Theatre, for the first time on any stage, one would never suppose M. Sardou to be possessed of any one of the above-named qualities. We have been told for many years past that Americans abroad are looked upon by the denizens of foreign countries, as a rule, as strange, unaccountable beings, who act in eccentric and unconventional fashion, and on account of the "queer things they do and the queer things they say," are usually, and perhaps not without reason, considered to represent the acme of the singular and the original. This being the case, it was strange to discover that, at least from M. Sardou's stand-point, Americans abroad are conventionally stereotyped and dull, unsuggestive, colorless personalities, without character or distinctive qualities of any kind. The question as to what's in a name might have been satisfactorily answered at the first production of *Americans Abroad* at the Lyceum last week. The great name of Sardou "shadowed over all," and lent a glamour to the proceedings which almost convinced the audience for the time being that they were listening to a play which was worthy of the laughter and applause which the strenuous efforts of the Lyceum company and the tasteful and adequate stage settings secured for this particular one. It is more than probable, however, that had the name of some aspiring young American dramatist been affixed to this play as author, it would have received no such critical commendation as has been accorded it. No; we are wrong. Had such a play by an American author been submitted to Mr. Frohman, or any other theatrical manager, it would never have been produced at all.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

There are rumors afloat to the effect that *Americans Abroad* is a rehash of a youthful indiscretion of M. Sardou's, made for Mr. Frohman's special benefit; and the name of a half-forgotten piece, called the *American Heiress*, is quoted in this connection. However this may be, it is certain that *Americans Abroad* bears but little trace of the dramatic power and technical skill which have made Sardou famous. In spite of the biting satire of *Uncle Sam*, which put the American colony in Paris up in arms against M. Sardou, he is reported to be very fond of Americans, and, further, to have said, "I love the Americans, especially American women"; indeed, an American woman was the object of the greatest passion—"*la grande passion* of my life." Whatever acquaintance M. Sardou may have had with American women must certainly have partaken of that familiarity which breeds contempt, as had he had any opinion of either our taste or judgment in dramatic matters, he would never have consented to allow such a play as *Americans Abroad* to represent him on the American stage. It is the easiest thing possible to make a sweeping criticism and say any play is bad; it is oftentimes a much more difficult matter to point out just where or just why a play is bad. But in *Americans Abroad* no such difficulty should exist, for its many faults are patent and obvious to the most casual observer; he who runs may read. In the first place, the characters in the play are not distinctive, and do not represent anything at all; they are labelled Americans, but they could equally well pass muster as either English, French, or indeed of any other civilized nationality.

The story is tenuous, trite, and improbable; the treatment and development of it illogical and inartistic. We are introduced to a conventional family of American millionaires—father, daughter, and niece—who, wearied with the schemes of certain of those social traders who are wont to make a living out of the confiding foreigner, pretend poverty in the most improbable manner to get rid of these people, and also to gratify the hifalutin sentiment of a young girl who wants to be loved for herself alone. The young artist who it is desired should feel in this way does what is required of him in the end, and that is all there is of it. Surely M. Sardou's genius must have been asleep or on a journey when he sat down to make a play out of such material as this. The whole action of the first act might have been explained in two sentences at the beginning of the second, and the entire act has nothing whatever to do with the case, and is wholly superfluous. It is, besides, from a constructive stand-point faulty, as the principal interest is concentrated on a character who does not even appear, and who has nothing whatever to do with the subsequent action of the piece. The second act represents the assumed poverty of the wealthy family carried on in a very prettily arranged studio *aux toits*, which does not suggest abject misery in any way, although styled "a garret" in the play. Nothing particular happens in this act except a breakfast, which the family partake of together, *and* the wished-for declaration of love from the aforesaid artist. The villain, in the shape of a Baroness or social trader, who represents those mercenary conditions of society which they would escape, however, still pursues them, and as the characters hopelessly inquire in several instances, "Why does the Baroness come here?" which question remains unanswered even by their superior knowledge of the circumstances, it can hardly be wondered at that the audience was equally incapable of answering the conundrum. Not till the third act do we get even a passing glimpse of the Sardou we have known. Here we get a scene which, though illogical and unreasonable, is in true Sardou style, both interesting and effective.

The villain Baroness, wishing to marry the American heiress to an impecunious friend of hers, and thereby reap the reward of virtue in the shape of a fat commission, tries to make it appear that the artist, who has presumably loved the heiress for herself alone, is in reality no better than the rest of the world, and has previously made inquiries by cable as to her financial responsibility, and a forged cable is sent by her to said heiress in proof of this fact. The lovers quarrel fiercely with each other in consequence, and in spite of their absorbing affection; and the artist, in heroic terms, bids her farewell forever. He is, however, induced to reconsider his determination by the really clever stratagem of a young French gentleman of leisure, who, after strolling pleasantly and genially through the play as everybody's friend, here suddenly appears as the *deus ex machinâ* of the situation, and naturally everything is satisfactorily arranged before the fall of the curtain. Although this third act is to a certain extent evidently tacked on as an after-thought, and forms a postscript or appendix to the story, it was sufficient to save the play from abject futility and puerility. Mr. Frohman would no doubt do well to encourage the American dramatist, if this is a specimen of the plays he is likely to obtain from foreign dramatists when writing for the American stage.

Whatever amusement or interest the play afforded was obtained for it by the strenuous efforts of Mr. Frohman's company of players; and certainly everything possible was done for it in the way of stage management, stage effect, and conscientious effort on the part of all concerned. One can hardly understand how Mr. Kelcey ever consented to play so unsympathetic and wooden a hero as that drawn by M. Sardou. Neither he nor any one else could make anything of such a part. The only really sympathetic part of the piece was that of Landolphe, a gentleman of leisure—a Frenchman too, be it noted—which was so genially played by Mr. Ratcliffe that he really carried the whole piece. Mr. Le Moyne, as the rich American; Mrs. Walcott, as the Baroness, the society-broker; and Mr. Cook, as a butler, whose knowledge and use of the English language was extensive and peculiar—were all as good as they could be under the circumstances. Miss Shannon, as the daughter of the rich American, was charming enough in and of herself to make the part attractive; while Miss Cayvan, as the sentimental heiress, is not to be blamed if her most conscientious and skilful endeavor failed to make this part particularly sympathetic or attractive. Still, Miss Cayvan looked exceedingly well, and in the third act exhibited real power.

There were eight other characters in the play, whose presence on the stage, as regards either the meaning or the action of the piece, was quite unnecessary; and as the actors representing them were evidently overweighted with the consciousness of this fact, further comment as regards them is unnecessary. If *Americans Abroad* is, as has been said, a genuine Lyceum play, and is likely to be successful in attracting the New York public for some time to come, it does not say very much either for the class of plays produced at the Lyceum, or the dramatic taste and discrimination of the New York public. *Americans Abroad* was translated (some say adapted) from the original French by Miss Clara Wright, whose name, however, does not appear on the bills in connection with it. One is tempted to believe in the adaptation theory as perhaps accounting for some of the lack of genuine Sardouism in the entire piece.

Two distinguished musicians were introduced to the American public last week, in the persons of Mr. Johannes Wolff, violinist, and Mr. Joseph Hollman, violoncellist. It is a privilege, as well as a pleasure, to hear artists of this class. These gentlemen have long been famous in their respective fields both on the Continent and in England, and there can be but one opinion in regard to their talents and artistic status. Mr. Wolff is a player of rare sympathy, who appeals to his audience through their artistic emotions rather than by means of any display of technical brilliancy; while Mr. Hollman is, in every sense, a master of his instrument and of his art, and presents in his single person that somewhat rare combination of a great virtuoso and a consummate artist. No one can be unwilling to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to the Old World for artistic gifts of such quality and value, and both these gentlemen may be sure of cordial welcome and sympathetic recognition whenever and wherever they appear in this country.

It has been said—with how much truth it would be as yet difficult to determine—that a great woman composer is an impossibility, as to be great in music necessitates the possession of certain mental qualities and attributes generally considered foreign to even the trained and educated feminine mind. The annals of music have certainly thus far borne witness to the truth of this statement, as no woman composer of commanding ability has yet appeared. On the other hand, and *per contra*, there are to-day in France two women composers of marked ability, Mlle. Augusta Holmès, a Franco-Irish lady, and Mlle. Chaminade, a native of Marseilles. Both these ladies are widely and favorably known, principally through their charming songs and incidental pieces, but both have written orchestral works of considerable merit and importance, though not as yet any which, through the logical and consistent development of thematic material, would entitle them to be considered great composers.

An American aspirant for feminine musical honors has lately appeared in the person of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, a pianist, musician, and composer resident in Boston, who is justly entitled to serious consideration as a composer. Mrs. Beach was first introduced to the musical world by means of a mass for soli, chorus, and orchestra, which was recently produced with much success by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society. This work has yet to be heard outside of the city of its birth; but another work by Mrs. Beach, a scena and aria for contralto and orchestra, was given for the first time recently at a concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra. Judging from this composition, which, on the whole, proved decidedly disappointing, Mrs. Beach has talent, considerable technical aptitude, refined taste, and a nice feeling for contrast and dramatic effect. This work, at least, gives evidence of more future promise than present fulfilment, of more careful study than natural melodic faculty, and can hardly be called either distinctive or very suggestive. Still, the promise is undoubtedly there, and its ultimate fulfillment, with further study and wider experience, may be hopefully and reasonably expected. It is pleasant in this connection to note the constantly increasing excellence and development of the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. This orchestra has necessarily still latent possibilities, but certainly a great future.

A choir of Russian singers, in national and picturesque costume, singing with good effect their highly original national folk-music, and illustrating thereby the connection between popular and academic Russian music, and the influences of the one on the other, is a spectacle unusual enough—at least in this country—to be most interesting and instructive, not only from a musical but also from a social and ethical stand-point. Such a spectacle is the Russian choir under the direction of Madame Lineff, which gave a most enjoyable concert in New York last week, preparatory to starting on a concert tour throughout the country. The genesis and development of folk-music, and the connections and relations between apparently widely differing nations and peoples which may be traced and established by its means, is a curious and interesting study, and one as yet but little pursued, and from which much may be learned. A vast and varied amount of folk-music exists on this continent, a careful study and analysis of which might well reveal to us facts as yet unsuspected in regard to the original discovery, settlement, and ethnological development of this country. Possibly performances so suggestive as those of this Russian choir may turn attention to this fertile field of musical research, and so lead the way to discoveries which might furnish us with information of real value and interest.

Reginald de Koven.

JAMES FORD RHODES.

It has often been maintained—but perhaps with some extravagance—that an author merely describes his own personality in his writings; that he either relates an actual personal experience or impulse, or projects himself into certain imaginary surroundings and then directly or indirectly gives an impression of his own real or possible feelings. Although this may be even less true in historical than in other branches of literature, who can fully appreciate the merits of the histories of Thucydides or Tacitus or Gibbon or Prescott or Carlyle without knowledge of the personalities of their authors?

Almost without exception our American historians have prefaced their main works with smaller publications by which they have obtained an introduction to the public. But Mr. Rhodes emerges from his rich library, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and presents to the world two ample octavo volumes on the history of the United States during the decade 1850–1860. His career has been unique, and a brief account of his preparation for what is now his life work can hardly be without interest to any of his readers, or to those who know that historians are not born, but are the successful result of many years of study and an attempt to describe a period of past events.

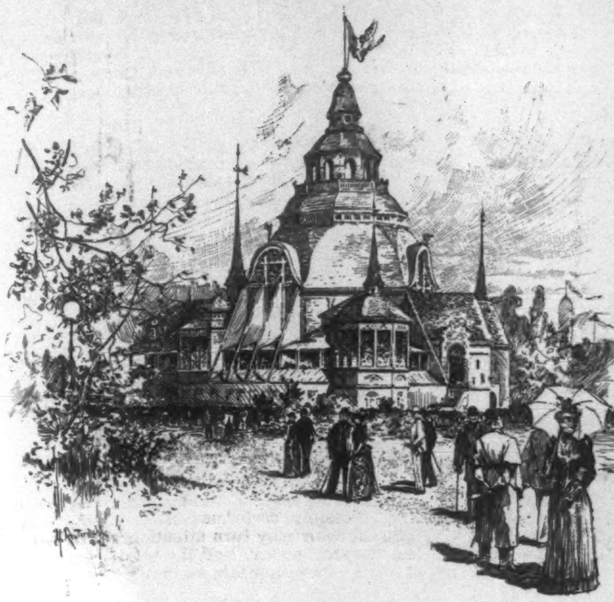
James Ford Rhodes was born in Cleveland, Ohio, May 1, 1848. Both his parents came from New England. His father, Daniel P. Rhodes, was then developing large business interests in coal and iron. Two of the child's earlier teachers made the greatest impression upon him because they taught their pupils to think for themselves, to view the world as wider than their school-room, and to express their thoughts on paper. Even his religious training was of a liberal nature, for his father was a deist and his mother an Episcopalian. The elder Rhodes was a sturdy Democrat, and had a passion for discussing politics. He was a kinsman of Stephen A. Douglas, who was frequently his guest. By the time the child was ten years of age he had read most of Douglas's printed speeches, and so revered the Illinois Senator that he followed his course from week to week in the current numbers of the *Congressional Globe*. The boy may be the father of the average man, but he should not be of the historian. In later years Douglas ceased to be his idol.

When the civil war broke out he was a scholar in the Cleveland High-School. Its master was accustomed each morning to have one of the boys read aloud the political news of the day; and then he explained to them that they were living in historical times, and that some of the events were as important as any in the history of Greece or Rome. By such instruction boys of merely twelve and thirteen years of age were able to follow the course of the war with much intelligent enthusiasm.

Probably the excitement of the war period and the boy's independence of thought had made him averse to giving his full attention to the classics and mathematics. The reading of history and literature had engrossed so much of his time that when he reached the age for entering college he was not prepared to undergo the usual examinations. Without attempting to pursue a regular classical course, he became a special student in the University of the City of New York in the autumn of 1865. There his time was devoted almost exclusively to historical work under Professor Benjamin N. Martin, and to geology under the famous John W. Draper. Both were men of great intellectual vigor. Martin so inspired his students that they found their texts-books—Guizot's *History of Civilization in Europe*, and Weber's *Outlines of Universal History*—intensely interesting. Young Rhodes, at least, was so enthusiastic in his work that he made in addition a careful study of Macaulay's *Essays*, and of such books as Draper's *Intellectual Development of Europe*, De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, and Buckle's *History of Civilization*. Buckle became his idol, and filled the youth with a determination some day to attempt to write a history.

The next year his father desired him to go to the University of Chicago. There he gave his energies chiefly to the study of metaphysics and rhetoric. Having more time for his chosen field than the regular students, he read far beyond his class, and familiarized himself with the advanced metaphysical speculation of Sir William Hamilton, Mill, and McCosh, and with the scientific works of Herbert Spencer. Professor William Matthews then conducted the department of *belles lettres* and rhetoric, and impressed upon his students high ideals of literary composition.

In the summer of 1867 young Rhodes went to Paris. For a boy of nineteen his knowledge of the world and of politi[cs]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE SWEDISH BUILDING.

institutions of the past and present was unusual. The gorgeous tyranny of the Second Empire was equally at variance with the principles of civil liberty which he had learned from books and with the unostentatious democracy which he knew at home. He therefore fell to studying some of the problems of the day, and became occasional Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Times*.

Up to this time it had been his purpose to follow a literary career. But it became evident, although not expressed in words, that his father expected him to share his business interests. The young man then resolved to comply with this wish, but remained in Europe to carry on certain special studies which would be useful to him in the conduct of an extensive branch of the iron industry. Yet before bidding farewell to his literary dreams, and while in Paris, he followed a course of lectures at the Collége de France on Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, by Édouard Laboulaye. These led him to Laboulaye's other works, and back to De Tocqueville.

From Paris the young man went to Berlin to enter the School of Mines to study iron metallurgy under Dr. Wedding. At this time a great revolution was taking place in the iron industry, for puddled and rolled iron was about to give place to Bessemer steel. Subsequently he made a tour of inspection of the iron and steel works of western Germany, and then of those of South Wales, England, and Scotland.

In the summer of 1868 he joined his father in business in Cleveland. The following year their interests led him to investigate coal and iron deposits in North Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee. His extensive travels throughout these States brought him in close contact with the ruling "carpet-bagger" and the "unreconstructed rebel," and reawakened his old desire to write history.

In 1874 he became one of a large firm who were both producers and commission merchants in coal, iron ore, and pig-iron. Although the young merchant was soon realizing large surplus earnings, he felt that his increasing fortune was not a full compensation for the all but abandoned ideals of his student days. Almost without knowing why, he had steadily been collecting an extensive library, and had continued his reading of historical literature.

It was not until 1877, however, that Mr. Rhodes decided to write a history of the United States. From that time his reading took a definite course, and although his business was highly profitable, he resolved to continue in it only until he had gained such financial independence that he might thereafter devote himself exclusively to literary work without injustice to his family. After fifteen years of highly successful business activity he decided that such a time had arrived. However, it was not until about the end of 1885 that he became what he now calls being "a free man."

Subsequent to the spring of 1886 he spent a year in Europe to reinvigorate the literary tastes of his early youth and to gain further culture and courage for the great task which he had set for himself, which was to write "A History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the Inauguration of President Cleveland."

Before the end of 1891 the manuscript of the present publication was completed. It was then submitted to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who gave it a welcome among their standard historical publications. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are the publishers of the English edition.

Mr. Rhodes was married in 1872, and has one child, a son, who is a student at Harvard. He continued to live in Cleveland until the summer of 1891, on account of his family and his attachment to the local literary set that formed the Vampire Club, of which Colonel John Hay was the leading spirit. In order to gain the advantage of a residence near the great libraries of Boston, he removed to Cambridge in the autumn of that year. In the classic neighborhood of the fine old Longfellow and Lowell houses the most recent historian of our country is now evolving his narrative of the political life of the country, North and South, during the civil war. There are many reasons to expect that this will even surpass the present instalment in scholarship and literary finish.

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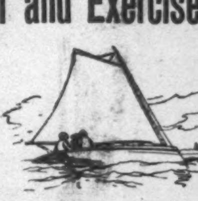

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will be chronicled by special articles relating to the Exposition and its buildings. A number of army and navy sketches are coming,—also "The Story of a Grain of Wheat," a description of the U. S. Patent Office, papers on out-door life—football, tennis, etc., etc. The element of fun will be increased by a set of humorous pages by Malcolm Douglas, and a series of very funny pictures called "Inanimate Things Animated." The illustrations will be by the leading artists and engravers of the country.

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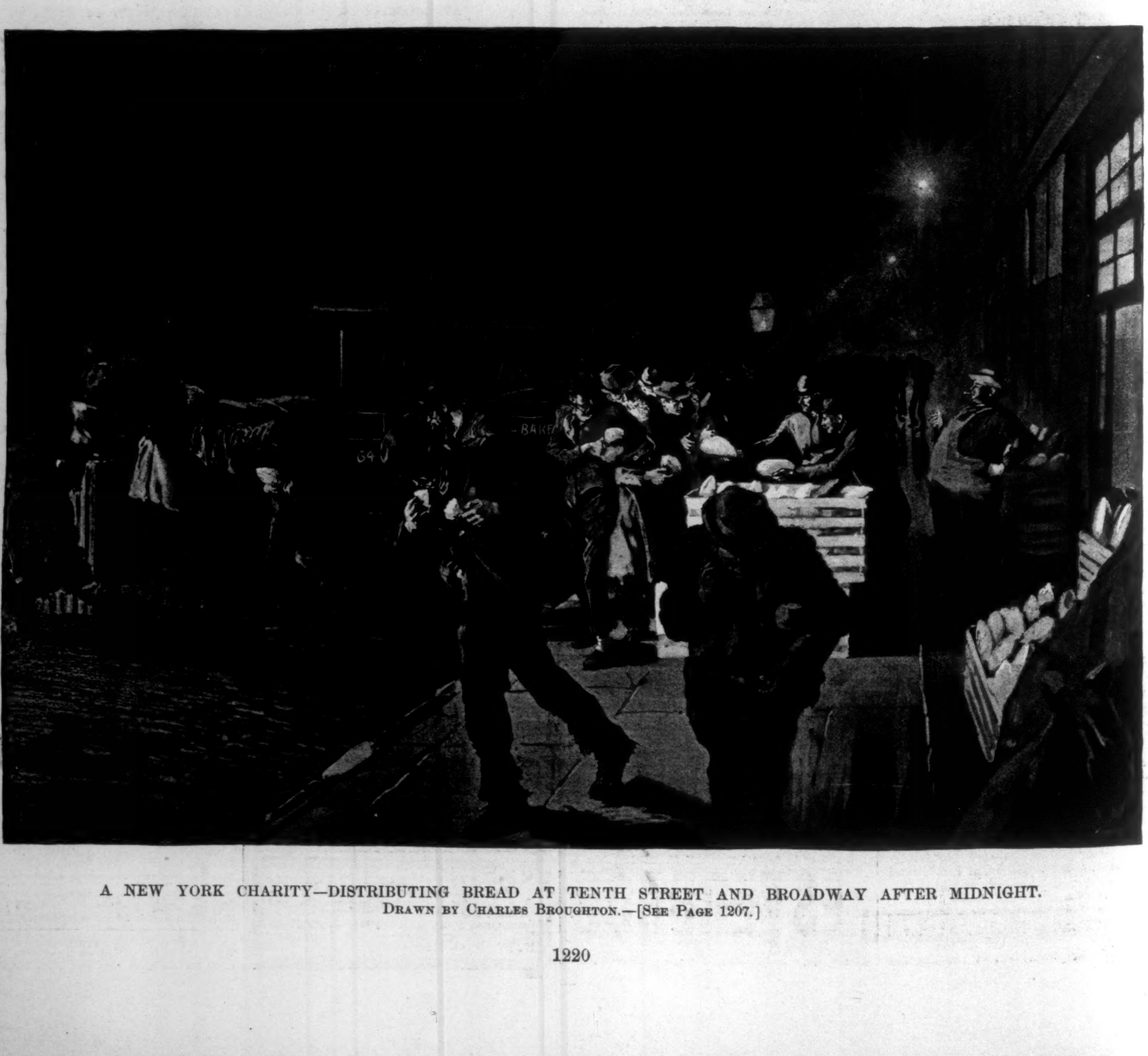

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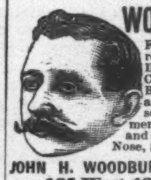

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THE DEMAND ON OUR SPACE the past football season by Yale, Harvard, and Princeton has made impossible any but the briefest comment on other colleges. Probably this time is the most opportune to reply to the inquiry made so often through the mails as to why more notice is not taken of the smaller universities—so called. The reason should be obvious to the thinking reader. The limits of this department compel the handling of matter that will interest the widest circle. Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, by their age and athletic traditions, do now and always will hold the attention of the entire country. Not alone because of athletic superiority, for that is a question which time will equalize; already the University of Pennsylvania has beaten Princeton in baseball and football, while Cornell in all-round aquatics is undoubtedly the leading college in America, and after only five years of football is playing close up to the class—but because the association of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton with the history of our country is so intimate, and the imprint of their sons' handiwork found in its development from Maine to California.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA has finished the most successful football season in its history. Beginning with a team composed almost entirely of veterans, it was particularly fortunate in its new men, one of whom, Knipe, gave such promise that he is expected to become one of the strongest half backs on the field when he has had more experience. Besides having a strong team at the start, Pennsylvania had the further good fortune of securing Woodruff, one of the best football men Yale ever had, to coach, and his work was *en evidence* when the eleven played its very first games. Good scores in its favor were the usual results, but the team achieved its greatest triumph in defeating Princeton by the score 6–4 on the Germantown Cricket Club grounds, at Manheim, November 5th. The U. of P. team played sixteen games during the season, and its only defeat was by Yale—the score, 28–0, being much lower than any the New Haven eleven had made against them. Pennsylvania's final game of the season against Wesleyan was a fitting end to the former team's consistently good work. Wesleyan had been saving her men for this last supreme effort of the year, but they were overmatched and outplayed from beginning to end, and Pennsylvania rolled up a score of 34–0. It was the greatest victory the U. of P. ever won over Wesleyan. Once before, in 1886, Wesleyan had been unable to score, the result being 14–0 in Pennsylvania's favor, but since then had never failed to hold their rivals to a close contest. U. of P. has now won five victories over Wesleyan to the latter's three.

Pennsylvania is already planning for the next year's campaign, and will have, with only one or two exceptions, the same strong team, increased by the addition of Cornell's ground gaining half back Osgood. Left tackle Mackey has been elected captain. He is a hard, conscientious worker, and should make a good captain; but he is, or will be, a graduate, and this department does not believe in having any but an undergraduate elected to such office.

WESLEYAN HAS HAD A HARD SEASON. The rumor of her withdrawal from the Intercollegiate Football Association, if it be true, is only what has been expected for the last year or two. Indeed, the wonder is that the Middletown college has been able to turn out such good elevens. Wesleyan's football record certainly reflects the greatest credit on the sportsmanship of the college and upon the men who have played on her teams. There are only about 250 students in the entire college, and more than half the time it has been wellnigh impossible to maintain intact a good second eleven. The team, therefore, has been greatly handicapped in not having the desired home practice, or suitable substitutes to replace injured players. That Wesleyan, laboring under these disadvantages, should have managed to play so close the past six years to the University of Pennsylvania, with its nearly ten times as many students, is really astonishing. The end was bound to come, however, and it has. No small college can hope to compete with the teams of the larger universities. A few years ago, when Yale, Harvard, and Princeton were the only ones knowing the game, all others, large and small, were more or less on an equal basis. Nowadays, however, "the others" are beginning to know the game, or to have the benefit of able coaching, and the result is easily foreseen. Wesleyan's propinquity to Yale has been of immeasurable assistance to the former in her football struggle, but it could not increase her student roll. Teams from Middletown may always be depended on to play good football, and against elevens from colleges of equal size will invariably give a good account of themselves. The only trouble with Wesleyan is her elevens have been playing against odds too great to overcome. When they are evened up they will be in a prosperous condition.

CORNELL'S RISE IN FOOTBALL has been the swiftest and most decided of any college in America. They had never played the game until 1887, and even in that year, when it was introduced, the number of men in the university who had even seen a game played was very small. There were not, in fact, in '87 enough men who had seen the game played to make up a first and second eleven. Even after the game had been started, there were neither university traditions nor graduate coachers to perfect the crude play of the beginners. They have literally worked out their own football salvation at Ithaca, and the improvement in play the last three years has been extraordinary, taking all these circumstances into consideration. Two years ago Cornell was hardly considered among the football colleges, and it was only last year, when the team surprised Princeton and every one else by holding the score down to six points, that attention was drawn to the Ithaca eleven. This year another surprise awaited those who saw Cornell actually outplay Harvard at Springfield on November 5th, though beaten by a score of 20–14, and the "up-country" college team immediately jumped to a place very close to the University of Pennsylvania. It is greatly to be regretted no game was played by the teams of these two universities. It seems hardly probable that the longer experience and better coaching of Pennsylvania would not have made the U. of P. team victorious, but it would have been a close, interesting game. Cornell was anxious for the game, and a worthy opponent her team would have been. Next year we shall hope to see a contest between the two made a regular annual fixture.

IT IS ENTIRELY FITTING in these paragraphs to comment on the sportsmanlike manner in which Cornell accepted the cancellation of the Princeton game. It was a perfectly proper and entirely sensible course for Princeton to pursue, but Cornell would only have been following the example of other older universities if she had set up a howl of despair, claiming Princeton to be afraid, etc., etc., *ad nauseam*. But they did nothing of the kind; although that game in New York had been counted on to reimburse the depleted treasury, and was consequently a bitter disappointment from a financial as well as sporting point of view, there has not been a single whimper of protest from Ithaca. On the contrary, they have come out in their college papers frankly acknowledging the disappointment, but recording their appreciation of Princeton's position. Men who show such sportsmanship in the face of so keen a disappointment have the stuff in them that makes winners. Unfortunately for Cornell, her geographical location handicaps her athletic teams very seriously. They can never, or rarely, get any team of equal strength to take the trip to Ithaca. Consequently they not only have no home games of especial merit, but have been constrained to meet much inferior teams, like Williams, Bucknell, Dickinson, and that class of small fry, over whom victory is an empty honor.

IT IS THIS FACT OF LOCATION that must cut a very considerable figure in Cornell's football future, so far as her membership in any association is concerned. The trip to Ithaca is so long a one that it is hardly likely any of the larger teams could be induced to make it, or would vote for Cornell's admission if it entailed the journey. The result would be an agreement on some neutral ground midway, like Albany, New York, for instance. It could hardly be satisfactory to the undergraduate body, and it certainly would be rather expensive to have "home" games five hours' distance by rail, while the team was compelled to play return games on the actual home grounds of its opponents. It is to be hoped some arrangement may be made whereby we shall see Cornell playing our largest elevens, but in my opinion they would be much better off in every way by remaining independent and making their dates each season with such teams as they desire to play.

The days of leagues are drawing rapidly to a close, and, as stated here in this department two years ago, I expect to see the day, and that very shortly, when the number of games played by elevens will be considerably reduced from what they are now. I refer, of course, to Yale, Harvard, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, and Cornell. These teams play too hard a game nowadays for them to go through a season at their best form and meet one another all round. The result is going to be one, or two, at most, big games for each, with possibly a practice game here and there. If Cornell is wise she will, first of all, leave associations alone, then get on a game with the University of Pennsylvania for next year at Philadelphia, and one only with either of the other three, in New York, in case of its being Yale or Princeton, or Boston, in case Harvard is the opponent. For the rest she can confine herself to practice games with Williams and other such small teams that may be reached at the smallest outlay.

It has been a hard struggle for Cornell, and I cannot speak too highly of a college spirit that has continued to put out such good crews—despite their being compelled to compete in a lower class of skill—and has been driving away on its football material the last few years unnoticed and unaided.

Cornell loses this year in Captain Johanson one who probably more than any other one man is entitled to credit for the improvement in football at Ithaca. He has been a hard, tireless worker, and labored on when the outlook was far from bright, and when the wherewithal to carry the war into the enemy's camp was not forth-coming.

OF THE NEW ENGLAND COLLEGES, Amherst deserves more than passing comment for the splendid work of her football eleven, after beginning the season by rather a poor showing. Amherst has about three hundred students from which to choose her team, and only funds enough to secure a coach for a part of the season. Their eleven this year averaged only 165 pounds in weight, and yet, through the able coaching they received at the beginning of the season, and hard, conscientious training, they held Yale down to 28–0—the same score made against University of Pennsylvania; Harvard to 26–0 and 32–10; and defeated Trinity, 28–0 and 21–6; Technology, 14–0. In the New England championship series, Amherst defeated Dartmouth, 30–2, and Williams, 60–0. Altogether, Amherst played thirteen games this year, scoring 314 points to her opponents' 141. Last year they played fifteen games, and Amherst scored 31 points to opponents' 154. Such a record means that Amherst has made great strides in the game in the last year, and fairly distanced the other members of the New England League. In team-work and in brainy play Amherst has completely outclassed her rivals. Two men especially stand out prominently in the season's work—Goodale, left half back, and Van Leuven, right end. The former has seldom failed to make his distances, even against Harvard and Yale. Van Leuven has proved himself to be a wonderful ground-gainer, and a valuable man on interference. His work in all the games was of a high order.

Amherst's only defeat was by Tufts, and although the latter played a good game, it is only fair to say that there were five substitutes in the Amherst line.

TUFTS COLLEGE HAS DEMONSTRATED this season beyond a peradventure that her eleven is entitled to a place in one of the New England leagues, any one of them in fact, for they beat Amherst, and the latter played infinitely better football than any of the smaller college elevens. It is only in the last three years that Tufts has been able to put out a college team, class elevens being the rule before that. Really there has been very little done at Tufts in the way of football until this season. In '91 they managed to win a game from Brown and Bowdoin, and several games from high-school teams, but not until this year, when they secured the services of a coach, were they able to take their place in the football ranks. That they succeeded in defeating Wesleyan, 16–10, and Amherst, 18–15, speaks well for the work of the coach and the aptitude of his pupils.

WHILE THE SMALLER COLLEGE teams of the East have been advancing in the science of football, the spurt taken in the West and South is nothing short of remarkable. It is only a very few years ago that a football eleven was a novelty in the South, and a rare combination in the middle West, although in the extreme West—California—they used to play the old style of game a dozen years ago. This was due, no doubt, to the fact of its being carried out there by some Eastern college men. In California they developed football to a higher state of play than anywhere else outside of the Eastern colleges, and it is only in the last couple of seasons that their game has been surpassed by teams in the middle West, where graduates of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton have gone to live, and taken their football traditions along with them. Chicago and the surrounding country have been especially favored by an immigration of some of the ablest football exponents we have ever had; and the result of their settling has been plainly shown in the play of near-by universities in the last few seasons.

Indeed, for the last year or two, the growth of football in the West fairly rivals that fabled bean-stalk of Jack the Giant-killer, and the South is not far behind. So widespread has interest in the game become, and so rapid its development, that we of the East have gone utterly astray in our calculations. It used to be a simple matter to seek out the localities in which football was played; nowadays it would be far easier to say where it is not played. The West is a large country, and a great deal of it is out-of-doors.

It looks as if the reign of baseball as the "national game" was waning, at least so far as amateurs are concerned. Undoubtedly the number of individuals playing baseball in the United States is greatly in excess of those playing football, but, on the other hand, the number of spectators attracted by the latter must be, in proportion, vastly larger than the onlookers of the older game—barring, of course, professional exhibitions.

OF WESTERN FOOTBALL LEAGUES there is, indeed, no end, and it can only be attempted at this time to give them the most cursory glance. It would take this entire page to do them justice, and at some time in the near future we hope to handle the subject more thoroughly. We write glibly of our "larger colleges" here in the East, but what of the three State universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, with their 3000, 1100, and 1600 students respectively, and the State university of California, at Berkeley, in the same class. Every college in the West with two or three hundred students supports a football team, and there are State leagues without number—to say nothing of the sectional associations.

Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, a veritable empire with an aggregated population of 11,000,000, have a league, and Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Colorado, and Kansas have another. Besides these there is Indiana, which in the Purdue University eleven has one of the strongest teams in all the West. Those who saw the Chicago Athletic Club team play on its Eastern trip will remember Finney, who played tackle. He showed how one Western man could play the game, and he is said to be a fair sample of the Purdue team strength. Then there is also Ohio with one or two good elevens.

FOR A CLEARER UNDERSTANDING OF JUST HOW important a place football holds in Western college sport it is only necessary to glance over the Western newspaper during the season. Quite as much if not more space as heretofore is given all match games, while the Thanksgiving-day family reunion, as with us, has given way entirely to the more burning question of the football championship.

The Chicago Athletic Club has added very materially to the playing strength of the West by its departure this last season in organizing an eleven—a departure that other athletic clubs will, of course, follow. With a very considerable portion of our Eastern college men settling in the West, it may easily be foreseen that before another three years have passed, the winner of a contest between the best the West could put forth and the strongest Eastern college team would be by no means a foregone conclusion.

IN THE SOUTH CONDITIONS HAVE NOT BEEN so favorable for the development of football, yet it has fairly boomed in the last two years, especially in North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee. In the light of this great athletic growth, the assertion that Southern lads lack energy seems pointless.

The University of Virginia was the pioneer in this athletic movement, and its football team has just finished a very successful season, but the colleges of both Tennessee and North Carolina were quick to follow, and all are now putting forth teams in baseball as well as football.

Southern teams have not enjoyed equal coaching privileges with the West, for the very good reason that more of our college men go West to seek their fortunes than go South, and their progress has been the more creditable. It will not be long now, however, before the South has graduate coaching material of its own, for, in addition to that which their own colleges are turning out, the Northern universities are graduating Southern men every year who have made reputations on the football field. And, by-the-bye, I have noted that the Southern men who have played on Northern college teams have been the best men on the eleven. The grit and fire in the Southern nature make an invincible combination in football.

THE LEADING FOOTBALL COLLEGES of the South are the University of Virginia, Trinity (North Carolina), University of North Carolina, and University of the South (Sewanee, Tennessee). There are several other colleges that support good elevens, but these four, I believe, are the strongest in the game. Virginia began the season well, and played strongly all through, defeating Sewanee 30–0, Trinity 46–4, and the University of North Carolina, in October, 30–18, while the latter defeated Trinity 24–0. On November 27th Virginia and North Carolina again met, however, and the latter turned the tables by defeating their erstwhile conquerors 26–0. Last year Trinity won the coveted title of champion by beating Virginia 20–0. Virginia had this year the coaching of William C. Spicer, the old Princeton half back, and he did well by the eleven; but in the final game North Carolina's team-work was too much for them. When it is said that the crowds at these final games were limited only by the capacity of the grounds, some idea of the popularity of football in the South may be appreciated.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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